# THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 55---No. 22. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, June 4, 1873. Established 1818.



**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $100 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged ten cents a line for each insertion.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.


## Business Directory.

### BEAVER.

F. H. AGNEW. J. M. BUCHANAN.

**AGNEW & BUCHANAN,**
**Attorneys at Law,**

Third Street, Beaver, Penn'a.
Opposite the Argus office.

**J. F. DUNLAP,**

Attorney at Law. Office in the Court House, Beaver, Pa. All business promptly attended to. may8'73-1y.

DR. THOS. DONEHOO will practice his profession in Beaver and surrounding country. Office in the Border building, 3d street, Beaver, Pa. apr23-1yr

M. J. LAWRENCE—Physician and Surgeon—office, in room formerly occupied by U. S. Revenue Assessor, 3d Street, Beaver, Pa. apr16-1y

W. MILLER—Physician and Surgeon office at that formerly occupied by Drs. McKinley & Lawrence—Residence, Dr. McNutt's house. 49-1y

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK neatly and expeditiously executed at the Argus office.

A. SMALL—Attorney at law, Beaver, Pa. Office in the Court House. dec25-tf

JOHN B. YOUNG, Attorney at Law. Office and residence on Third st., east of the Court House. Business promptly attended to. ap26'73

T. H. McCREERY, Attorney at Law. Office on Third st., below the Court House. All business promptly attended to. je22, '70tf

D. F. KUHN & JAMES H. CUNNINGHAM, Attorneys at Law. Office east end of Third street, Beaver, Pa. mar26,'70-1y

HENRY MERZ, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots, Shoes and Gaiters; Main st. [sep24-1y

BEAVER DRUG STORE, Hugo Andriessen Druggist & Apothecary, Main st. Prescriptions carefully compounded. (sep24-1y

### NEW BRIGHTON.

CHAS. COATE, Dealer in paints, oil glass nails, plate-glass, looking-glasses, frames, garden and flower-seeds and fancy fowls. Falls street, New Brighton. sep27'71-1y

WISENER & BINGHAM, manufacturers of carriages, buggies, spring-wagons, truck-wagons and vehicles of every description, Bridge St. Both practical workmen. Successors to George Metz. mar9-1y

P. LANGNECKER, dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Repairing neatly executed, Broadway, near Falls-st. nov17'71-1y

J. W. SIPPERT, Baker & Confectioner; Ice-cream, Oysters and Game in season. Balls, Pic Nics, Weddings, &c., supplied. nov1

WM. WALLACE, Dealer in Italian & American Marble. Manufactures Monuments, Gravestones & slabs at reasonable prices. Railroad st., near new Depot, New Brighton. [sep27

BON TON RESTAURANT and EATING SALOON; meals at all hours, table supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Prices low. Wm. Stickland, cor. of Paul and Broadway my21'71-1y

S. & J. SNELLENBERG, Merchant Tailors, Broadway, New Brighton See adv [sep13-1y

H. NOSS, Photographer. Wilson's Block, Broadway. Best photographs from re-touched negatives. [sep14-1y

### BEAVER FALLS.

WM. ROBERTSON, Dealer in the justly celebrated Domestic Sewing Machine. Ladies call and be convinced. Main st., B. Falls. (sep27

STEVENSON & WITTISH, Land Office, 75 Penn st., Pittsburgh, and Beaver Falls Beaver Co., Pa aug28-1y.

D. STEWART & SON, Dealers in Yankee Notions, &c., Main St., Beaver Falls. sep13-1y

### BRIDGEWATER.

J. C. WEYMAN, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Bridge St. Bridgewater. (sep27-1y

J. TRAUP'S Shady-Side Photograph Gallery, 2d floor, Dunlap's corner, opposite toll house, Bridgewater, Pa apr16-1y

A. BURHM, Bridge street, Bridgewater, Pa., Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Spectacles, &c. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired. [feb24-71-1y

DANIEL MILLER, Fashionable Tailor. None but experienced workmen employed. Bridge st., Bridgewater, Pa. feb9-71-1y

C. HURST, Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Furs, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Trimmings Bridge St., Bridgewater, Pa sep24-1y

### ROCHESTER.

W. W. JOHNSON—Dealer in Wall Paper of all kinds, Oil Cloth, Window Blinds, Trunks, Satchels, Baskets, Tea Carts, Wagon's Chairs and Toys of every description. Next Door to Post office. nov20-1y

DONASTER HOUSE, David Wolf Proprietor. *Pro Bono Publico.* R. R. Street, near station. nov20-tf

THOS. KENNEDY & CO, (successors to Wm. Buechling,) Druggists and Chemists. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. Diamond, Rochester sep24-1y

WILL SMITH & CO., Fancy Dry Goods, Notions and Millinery. Madison st., near Diamond Rochester, Pa. (sep14-1y

HENRY LAPP, Manufacturer and Dealer in Furniture of all kinds. Brighton st., above Plow Factory. See adv't. (sep14-1y

SAMUEL C. HANNEN, Druggist. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Water st., Rochester. (sep14-1y

SPEVERER & SONS, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Grain, Iron Stores, Iron & Nails. Cor Water & James st.

M. MILLER & CO., Contractors and Builders, Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Shutters &c., and Lumber Lath &c. Rochester. [sep24-1y

SCOTT BOYLE & WILLIAMS, Successors to C. Lukins & Co., Dealers in Sawed and Planed Lumber, Lath & Shingles, Rochester sep28-1y

STEFFLER & CLARK, proprietors of Johnston House, Good accommodations and good stable. Near R. R. Depot. oct19-1y

### ALLEGHENY CITY.

DR. J. S. WINANS, Electrical Physician; Chronic diseases made a specialty. Office, 187 Washington avenue, Allegheny City, Pa. [sep14-1y

### MISCELLANEOUS.

J. B. SNEAD, Freedom, Beaver county, Pa., Dealer in Sawed and Planed LUMBER of all kinds. Flats and Barges built to order jan9'73-1y

JOHN THORNLEY, Manufacturer of the Great Republic Cooking Stove, and Patentee of Portable extension top and centre Fallston, Pa

N. D. CONE, M. D., Late of Darlington, having removed to New Brighton, offers his medical services, in all its branches, to the people of the city and surrounding country. Office corner of Butler and Broadway. sep26-1y

## W. W. BARKER,

(Successor to Barker & Hazeltine,)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

## CHROMO LITHOGRAPHS,

Engravings, Lithographs, Plain and Colored, Photographs, Passe Partouts, Mouldings and Picture Frames of all kinds, 87 Fifth Avenue, 13 doors above Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa. [mas-72-1y

## Homes Still Larger

FOR THE MILLION!

Those who are wedded for securing the warmth of health, and congenial climate should read of their gains five years hence.

THE NATIONAL REAL ESTATE AGENCY

for the purchase or sale of every description, located in the Mild and Healthful Southern States, *Improved* plantations and fruit farms, *Rice, sugar* and *cotton* plantations, *timber* and *mineral* lands; *city, village,* and *rural* residence, and *business* stands, and all other *features* &c.

Write for *Land Register* containing descriptions, terms, prices and terms of properties we have for sale. Address—H. W. CLARKE & CO.

*The National Real Estate Agency,*
*No. 1429 Penna. Avenue Washington, D. C.*
[mar5-3m.

## Agents Wanted.

We want immediately, four active, energetic men, as Agents for the NEW A WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE to introduce and sell in each County. We give good reference and require such. Also, we furnish a *Board* and *Lodging* for those who are employed ourselves, or have *teams* and can be employed by us. Only such men as can give good reference as to character and ability need apply. A. M. SUMNER & CO., No. 116 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa [mar6-1y

### AVOID QUACKS AND IMPOSTORS

No Charge for Advice and Consultation.

DR. E. B. FOOTE, Graduate of *Jefferson Medical College*, Philadelphia, author of several valuable works, can be consulted on all diseases of the Sexual or Urinary Organs, which he has made a study; either in male or female, no matter from what cause originating, or of how long standing. A practice of 30 years enables him to treat disease with success. Cures guaranteed and terms reasonable. Those at a distance can write letters describing symptoms, and enclosing $10 to prepay postage.

Send for the *Guide to Health*, Price 10 cents.

DR. E. B. FOOTE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, 1y] 104 Duane St., New York.

## $50,000 Reward!

To be distributed to subscribers to the AMERICAN WORKING PEOPLE in 1873. It is the only Workingman's Tariff Monthly; has 16 large size pages with Illustrations.

*Every Subscriber Gets a Premium,*

ranging from 25 cents in value to $500 in greenbacks. Among the premiums are 2 of $500 in greenbacks, 2 of $200, 10 of $100, 100 of $10, 500 of $5, 2 Parlor Organs, $250 each; 10 Sewing Machines, $80 each, 50 American Watches, $50 each and 5,000 many thousand of smaller premiums. Specimen copy sent on trial three months for 25 cents. Send for specimen to

CAPRON & CO.,
Box 5, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Luther S. Kauffman,

## Stock and Note Broker,

116 *SMITHFIELD STREET,*

ORDERS SOLICITED FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF

## STOCKS, BONDS

AND

## MORTGAGES.

feb19-4m

## Insurance.

### ALPS INSURANCE COMPANY
*OF ERIE, PA.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Cash Capital | $250,000 00 |
| Assets. Oct. 9, '71, | 311,948 29 |
| Liabilities, - - - - | 5,200 00 |

O. NOBLE, President; J. P. VINCENT, Vice Pt. H. W. Woods, Treasurer; Thos. F. Goodnicht, Secretary.

DIRECTORS:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hon. O Noble, | Erie | Hon. Geo. B. Delameter, | |
| J W Hammond, | do | Meadville, Pa. | |
| Hon Selden Marvin, | do | Hon J P Vincent, | Erie |
| Hiram Daggett, | do | Henry Rawle | do |
| Charles H Reed, | do | G T Churchill | do |
| H S Southard, | do | Capt J S Richards | do |
| W B Sterritt, | do | Richard O'Brian, | do |
| H W Noble, | do | F H Gibbs, | do |
| J Englehart, | do | John R Cochran, | do |
| J H. Neal, | do | M Hartlebb, | do |
| W H Abbott, Titusville, | | Capt D P Dobbins, | do |
| | | Jno Fertig, Titusville. | |

Policies issued at fair rates and liberal terms. Insures against damage by Lightning as well as Fire. CHAS. H. HURST, Ag't.
Rochester, Pa., Dec. 20, 1871; 1y

O. L. EBERHART.....W. L. BEDISON.

### A Word With You!

If you want to buy property,
If you want your property sold,
If you want your house insured,
If you want your goods insured,
If you want your life insured,
If you want to insure against accident,
If you want to lease your house,
If you want to hire a house,
If you want to buy a farm,
If you want to sell a farm,
If you want any legal writing done,
Do not fail to call at the office of

**Eberhart & Bedison,**
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS
AND
**Real Estate Brokers,**
No. 223 Broadway, New Brighton,
Beaver county, Penn.
aug2-tf

## Professional Cards.

### GILBERT L. EBERHART.
**Attorney at Law,**

Will give prompt attention to collections, procuring bounties and pensions, buying and selling real estate, etc.

Office on Broadway, opposite R. E. & H. Hoopes' Banking House, New Brighton, Beaver Co., Pa. sep 4tf

JAMES CAMERON. JOHN Y. MARKS.

### CAMERON & MARKS.
Attorneys at Law
And Real Estate Agents,
*Rochester, Pa.,*

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care, and have superior facilities for buying and selling real estate. dec11-1y

**T. J. CHANDLER,**
Dentist, still continues to perform all operations in the dental profession at his office, Beaver station, Rochester. All who favor him with a call may expect to have their work done in the best possible manner, and the most reasonable terms.

The books of the late firm of T. J. CHANDLER & SON are in his hands, where all who have accounts will please call immediately and settle the same may1'72-1y

## Dentistry.

**Dr. J. Murray** of Bridgewater, is determined that no Dentist in the State shall do work better or cheaper than he offers it to his patrons.—He uses the best materials manufactured in the United States. Gold and all other filling performed in a style that defies competition. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations, or the money returned. Give him a trial. feb2-1y

## Manufacturers.

### POINT PLANING MILLS,
WATER ST., ROCHESTER, PA.

## HENRY WHITEFIELD,

MANUFACTURER OF

*Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Floor-boards, Weather-boards, Palings Brackets, &c., &c. Also,*

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND BUILDING TIMBER.

Having purchased the the territorial interest of Mr J. C. Anderson, owner of the several patents covering certain improvements in the construction and joining of weatherboards and linings for houses and other buildings, we are the only persons authorized to make and sell the same within the limits of Beaver county. Parties interested will please observe this.

*Carpenters' Supplies Constantly Kept on Hand.*

Every manner of Shop-Work made to order oct4-1y

## FALLSTON

## Foundry & Repair Shop.

Having been Engaged in the Foundry Business for more than thirty years,—during which time I have accumulated a variety of useful patterns, besides constructing models and taking out patents for improvements on

## COOKING - STOVES

—and after having thoroughly tested these improvements, I feel warranted in offering them to the public.

## PLOWS.

The GREAT WESTERN has no Superior for this Locality.

## STOVES;

Stoves of Different Styles for Heating and Cooking,

## The Great Republic ooki ng Stove

Has the best Record of any Stove ever offered in this market.

IT TAKES LESS FUEL,

LESS ROOM TO DO MORE WORK,

## BEST BAKER,

## MOST DURABLE

*ALTOGETHER*

THE BEST STOVE IN USE

In connection with the stove I have got up a Patent

## EXTENSION TOP,

which occupies little room, no additional fuel, and is not liable to wear out, dispenses with all pipe, can be put on or taken off at any time, and made to suit all stoves of any size or pattern.

### Five Hundred Persons

Who have purchased and used the

## GREAT REPUBLIC OOKING STOVE,

Most of whose names have been published in the Argus, are confidently referred to, to bear witness of its superior merits as a cooking stove.

Having three first class engines on hand, of about fifteen horse power capacity, they are offered to the public at reasonable rates.
JOHN THORNLEY.
8vr20:tf.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR SALE

SITUATED 1-2 MILE BELOW BEAVER,

and having a delightful view of the Ohio river and surrounding country; 1 mile from R. R. Station; house brick, two stories high, 4 rooms, attic, hall, cellar, porch, etc.; all finished; wash-house, smoke-house, well of water at the kitchen door, new barn and stable with cellar. Nice paling fence in front of property; all well painted; good orchard in bearing condition, grapes, plumbs, cherries, gooseberries, and all kinds of small fruit. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply on the premises to the owner, J. M. GRAHAM. mar6-tf

## Dry Goods.

## A. W. ERWIN & CO.,

IMPORTERS

AND

RETAILERS

—OF—

## DRY-GOODS,

## JOB LOTS

FROM

## EASTERN

## AUCTION

## SALES

## Nos. 172 and 174,

## Federal Street,

## Allegheny

## CITY.

dec18-1y

## Insurance.

### ROCHESTER
## Fire Insurance Company.

INCORPORATED by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, February, 1870. Office one door east of Rochester Savings Bank, Rochester, Beaver county, Pa.

People of Beaver county can now have their property insured against loss or damage by fire, at fair rates, in a safe and

RELIABLE HOME COMPANY,

thereby avoiding the expense, trouble and delay incident to the adjustment of losses by companies located at a distance.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

| | |
|---|---|
| J. V. M'Donald, | George C. Speyerer, |
| Samuel R. Wilson, | Lewis Schneider, |
| William Kennedy, | John Graham, |
| M. Camp, Jr., | C. B. Hurst, |
| David Lowry | Henry Gehring |

OFFICERS:
GEO. C. SPEYERER, Pres't.
H. J. SPEYERER, *Treas.*
J. V. M'DONALD, *Pres't.*
JOHN GEHRING, JR., *Sec'y.* jy31:1y

## Chas. B. Hurst's

## INSURANCE

AND

## General Agency Office,

*NEAR THE DEPOT*

ROCHESTER, PENNA.

**Notary Public and Conveyancer;**

FIRE, LIFE, and ACCIDENT INSURANCE; "Anchor" and "National" Lines of Ocean Steamers; "Adams" and "Union" Express Agent.

All kinds of Insurance at fair rates and liberal terms. Real Estate bought and sold. Deeds, Mortgages, Articles, &c., written; Depositions and Acknowledgements taken, &c., &c. Goods and Money forwarded to all parts of the United States and Canada. Passengers booked to and from England, Ireland, Scotland, France and Germany.

### *ETNA FIRE INS. CO.,*
Of Hartford, Conn.,
Cash assetts.....$6,000,000

"By their fruits ye know them."
Losses paid to Jan. 1, 1871 ...$28,000,000
One of the oldest and wealthiest Companies in the world.

### *NIAGARA Insurance Co.,*
Of New York.
Cash assets.....$1,500,000

### *ANDES FIRE INS. CO.,*
Of Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cash assets.....$1,500,000

### *ENTERPRISE INS. CO.,*
Of Philadelphia.
Cash assets over.....$600,000

### *LANCASTER Fire Ins. Co.*
Of Lancaster, Pa.
Cash assetts.....$240,000

### *ALPS INSURANCE CO.,*
Of Erie, Penna.
Cash capital.....$250,000

### *HOME LIFE INS. CO,*
Of New York
Cash assets.....$3,500,000

### *Travelers' Life & Accident Insurance Co.,*
Of Hartford, Conn.
Cash assetts over.....$1,500,000.

**Representing** the above first class Insurance Companies, acknowledged to be amongst the best and most reliable in the world, and representing a gross cash capital of nearly $16,000,000, I am enabled to take Insurance to any amount desired. Applications promptly attended to, and Policies written without delay, and at fair rates and liberal terms. *Losses liberally adjusted and promptly paid.* INSURE TO PAY! By one day's delay you may lose the savings of years. Delays are dangerous, and life uncertain; therefore, Insure *to-day!* "*One to-day, is worth two to-morrows.*"—Quality, also, is of the utmost importance. The low priced, worthless article, always proves the dearest. The above companies are known to be amongst the best and wealthiest in the world.—"As ye sow that shall you reap."

Grateful for the very liberal patronage already bestowed, I hope—by a strict attention to a legitimate business—not only to merit a continuance of the same, but a large increase the present year.

Mr. STEPHEN A. CRAIG is duly authorized to take applications for Insurance and receive the premium for the same in adjoining townships.

**CHAS. B. HURST,**
Near Depot, Rochester, Pa. [le14:1y

## Railroads.

RAILROADS.—PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.—Condensed Time Table from December 22, 1872.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

| STATIONS. | No. 1. Fst Ex. | No. 5. Mail. | No. 7. Pac Ex. | No. 3. Nit Ex. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburgh | 145AM | 600AM | 910AM | 12PM |
| Rochester | 253 | 722 | 1035 | 240 |
| Alliance | 515 | 1025 | 1320PM | 525 |
| Orrville | 651 | 1219PM | 1507 | 706 |
| Mansfield | 855 | 315 | 500 | 911 |
| Crestline { A | 920 | 400 | 540 | 940 |
| Crestline { D | 940 | 550AM | 600 | 950 |
| Forest | 1105 | 740 | 755 | 1115 |
| Lima | 1208PM | 900 | 915 | 1217AM |
| Fort Wayne | 240 | 2150 | 1925AM | 345 |
| Plymouth | 445 | 325PM | 350 | 500 |
| Chicago | 750 | 630 | 650 | 820 |

TRAINS GOING EAST.

| STATIONS. | No. 8. Mail. | No. 2. Fst Ex. | No. 6. Pac Ex. | No. 4. Nit Ex. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago | 515AM | 920AM | 530PM | 820PM |
| Plymouth | 915 | 1202PM | 855 | 1104M |
| Fort Wayne | 1250PM | 1750 | 1200 | 400 |
| Lima | 245 | 407 | 1128AM | 908PM |
| Forest | 400 | 508 | 227 | 927 |
| Crestline { A | 555 | 650 | 405 | 1110 |
| Crestline { D | 610 | 650 | 415 | 1130AM |
| Mansfield | 640 | 719 | 443 | 1205PM |
| Orrville | 930 | 930 | 677 | 215 |
| Alliance | 1145 | 1100 | 925 | 427 |
| Rochester | 250PM | 212AM | 1049 | 653 |
| Pittsburgh | 400 | 220 | 1145AM | 800 |

No. 1 daily except Monday; Nos. 2, 4, 6, 7 & 8, daily, except Sunday; Nos. 3 & 5, daily.
F. R. MYERS, General Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.
On and after Dec. 22, 1873, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

GOING SOUTH.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXP'S. | ACCOM |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cleveland | 820AM | 155PM | 400PM |
| Hudson | 943 | 309 | 518 |
| Ravenna | 1015 | 333 | 548 |
| Alliance | 1110 | 413 | 635 |
| Bayard | 1144 | | |
| Wellsville | 110PM | 600 | |
| Pittsburgh | 340 | 820 | |

GOING NORTH.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXP'S. | ACCOM |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburgh | 630AM | 145PM | |
| Wellsville | 940 | 340 | |
| Bayard | 1000 | | |
| Alliance | 1035 | 440 | 700AM |
| Ravenna | 1110 | 513 | 735 |
| Hudson | 1145 | 545 | 810 |
| Cleveland | 1255PM | 700 | 920 |

Leaves. Arrives.
Bayard 12 10 & 500 p. m. | N. Philad. 8.00 & 730 p.m.
N. Phila. 6.40a.m. & 1pm. | Bayard 9:45 a.m. & 4 p.m.

RIVER DIVISION.
GOING EAST.

| STATIONS. | ACCOM | MAIL. | EXP'S | ACCOM |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bellair | 645AM | 1050AM | 335PM | ..... |
| Bridgeport | 655 | 1100 | 345 | ..... |
| Steubenville | 657 | 1212PM | 445 | ..... |
| Wellsville | 815 | 125 | 620 | ..... |
| Rochester | 930 | 245 | 715 | ..... |
| Pittsburgh | 1040 | 340 | 820 | ..... |

GOING WEST.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXP'S. | ACCOM | ACCOM |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburgh | 630AM | 115PM | 425PM | |
| Rochester | 740 | 220 | 530 | |
| Wellsville | 850 | 330 | 700 | |
| Steubenville | 950 | 420 | 800 | |
| Bridgeport | 1100 | 525 | 905 | |
| Bellair | 1110 | 540 | 920 | |

F. R. MYERS,
*General Passenger and Ticket Agent.*

## Manufacturers.

## J. B. SNEAD

*Has now in operation a new*

SAW AND PLANING MILL

IN FREEDOM, PA.,

Having the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of

## FLOORING,

## SIDING

## LATH &C. &C.,

and is now prepared to attend to the building and repairing of

**Steamboats, Barges, Flats &c. &c.**

Keeping constantly on hand a superior quality of Lumber. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. All orders promptly executed. [aug3-1y

WILLIAM MILLER, - - - - - JACOB TRAX,
*PLANING MILL.*

## MILLER & TRAX,

*Manufacturers and Dealers in*

## Dressed Lumber,

SASH, DOORS, SHUTTERS, SIDING, FLOORING, MOULDINGS, &c.

**Scroll Sawing and Turning** *DONE TO ORDER,*

ORDERS BY MAIL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED, AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

*Mill Opposite the Railroad Station,*
**ROCHESTER, PENN'A.**
april 19 '71: 1y

## Brighton Paper Mills,

BEAVER FALLS, PENN'A.

**PRINTING,**
*MANILLA,*
ROOFING, BAILING,
**Hardware, Glass, Straw.**
RAG AND CARPET
## PAPERS.
MANUFACTURED
## And Sold At
**Wholesale & Retail by**
**Frazier, Metzger & Co.,**
**82 Third Avenue,**
PITTSBURGH
☞ Rags taken in exchange. [sep19,'69

## Boots and Shoes.

## REMOVAL.

## GILL & BRO.

WHOLESALE

## Boot & Shoe House,

Have removed to the

NEW, LARGE & ELEGANT FOUR-STORY

IRON-FRONT WAREHOUSE,

## No. 253 Liberty Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

5 Doors from Head of Wood Street,

And are now receiving one of the largest Spring stocks ever brought to this market. An examination solicited by all buyers before purchasing elsewhere. All goods sold at

THE LOWEST EASTERN RATES.

mar5-3m

## New Upholstering House.

THEOPHILUS ROLLER,

150 OHIO STREET, ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.,

Begs to notify the trade and public generally that he has opened the above business with a fine stock of Parlor Furniture as his specialty. His patent Reversable Spring Mattress is manufactured and for sale by him. Send for Price List. 6-7-3m.

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

### A Settler's Revenge.

TOLD ROUND A NEW ZEALAND CAMP-FIRE.

I was not always the low, drunken ruffian you now see me. My father, a retired officer in the army, although not rich, was sufficiently well off, and gave me a first-rate education, sending me from Rugby to Oxford. After I left Oxford I lived with my father for rather more than a year, and formed an attachment to one of our neighbors' daughters. Not being in a position to marry, it was agreed that I should emigrate to Australia, in the hope of pushing my way, and that, if I was successful, Annie would follow as soon as I had a home to offer her. My father generously gave me a thousand pounds to start with; and full of hopes and happy visions of the future, I left England. With my capital—which in those days was a small fortune to a steady, persevering man—I soon had a snug station, and two years afterward wrote for Annie to come out to me. For the next five years my life was one constant stream of happiness, ever flowing on evenly and smoothly. One little girl we had, the light and sunshine of our home—a little bright-eyed fairy, with long, fair curls falling in a golden shower round her sweet, innocent, childish face; and with all the dear little coaxing, winning ways of a darling child. Oh, how I love to recall her musical laugh, her sweet little lisping voice, and in fancy to hear again the patter of her happy, flying feet! My wife, my second self—more dear to me than all the world! How can I tell how I loved her! Often during the long nights do I sit, as in days of yore, hand in hand, communing with her in the spirit. But enough of this. Let me tell you how you see me the low, polluted wretch I now am.

Our sheep and cattle had increased so much that it was necessary to find more country for them, and I therefore "took up" a considerable tract farther inland; and as I required to be there much myself, we thought it best to make our home there. Accordingly, I got a comfortable house run up, and soon afterward removed to our new home. Our new station was rather out of the way, the nearest neighbor we had being fourteen miles from us; but with plenty of occupation during the day, and abundance of books, and never tiring of our own society, the time never hung weary on our hands, and each day exceeded the last in happiness.

In the part of the country where we were, large numbers of blacks roamed about; but, although they occasionally stole a sheep, they never did us any real injury, and we used them kindly, giving them little trifling presents, such as flour, sugar, and now and then a bright colored handkerchief. The women, in particular used often to come to my wife, and beg for some scraps of gay-colored cloth. My wife once or twice tried to induce them to wear more clothes, by giving them old petticoats, etc., of her own, but without the desired effect. As soon as they got anything of the sort, they tore it into strips, and each took a piece and wrapped it round their heads; so that it was no very unusual sight to see some twenty or thirty "gins" and "lubras" round about the house, with the most ludicrous head-dresses, but appropriating to themselves many laughs we had at such a ludicrous sight; but the blacks seemed to think themselves great swells, and strutted about, giving themselves all sorts of absurd, conceited airs.

This quiet life was destined not to last much longer, and was to be interrupted by a tragedy so horrible as to be almost beyond belief.

One of our neighbors, a hot-tempered, violent man, when riding after some cattle, came on a party of blacks who were busily engaged in gorging themselves on one of his bullocks, which they had speared; and in his anger, hastily, and without considering the probable consequences, drew his revolver and shot one of them dead. For some days after this not a black was to be seen, and we began to think they had fled in a fright. I, for one, felt rather sorry—as they were sometimes very useful in cutting bark for roofing huts, and in tracking stray sheep and cattle—and regretted that they should be driven from their natural home by such a thoughtless act of violence.

Ten days after this took place, I had to go to a musier of cattle at a station thirty miles from mine, and could not possibly return before the next day. My wife, for some unexplained reason, seemed loath to part with me, and even tried to persuade me to stay; but as I had lost some cattle, and hoped to find them among my neighbor's mob, I was anxious to go, and only laughed at her. Accordingly, I departed; but after riding about a mile, an unaccountable fear took possession of me, and, unable to resist it, I turned my horse's head and galloped back.

When I got to the house, my fears appeared so ridiculous and groundless that I made an excuse of having forgotten some trifling article, and after again kissing my wife and darling little May, I once more took my departure. Again the same feeling of despondence—a presentiment of some unspeakable horror—came over me, and I nearly turned back, resolved to give up the journey, altogether. Would to God I had done so! Better far to have died then, happy and guiltless, than to have lived to become the wicked, miserable, sinful wretch that I now am, cast away and lost in this world.

Not before I reached the station where I was going did I recover my usual spirits; then, in the excitement of drafting and branding cattle, I forgot my fears, or only remembered them to wonder at my weakness in giving way to such idle fancies.

Next day I returned home, taking with me a small mob of cattle which had strayed from my run and joined my neighbor's herd. These I joined with the first mob of my own I found, and hurried onward, anxious to reach my house.

Again all my former forebodings returned, and with greater force than before. I could not, reason as I would with myself, divest my mind of the idea that some great misfortune was about to fall on me—that some horrible catastrophe was about to be revealed. I kept fancying I heard my wife and my child's voices ringing in my ears, calling upon me in wailing tones to return.

Galloping forward at reckless speed, my excitement increased as I neared the station, until the throbbing of the pulses in my head and the violent beating of my heart became painfully intense. In front of the station-house was a low hill, and when I reached the top of this, I saw, in the valley below me, the house, seemingly as I had left it the day before. The evening sun, shining brightly on it, cast long shadows, and the house and all about it looked so quiet, peaceful, and undisturbed that my fears were at once allayed, and, uttering a prayer of thankfulness to Heaven, I reined my smoking horse into a walk, and rode slowly forward, allowing him to cool after his wild gallop, before turning him into the paddock for the night.

As I neared the door, no dogs as usual rushed out to meet me, no sign of life was visible; and it was with a beating heart that I dismounted and entered the house.

Merciful God, what a sight met my bewildered eyes! Among the scattered, broken furniture lay my wife's form, her lovely hair tangled and stiff with clotted blood, her dress torn into shreds and nearly pulled off her. With a low cry, I sprang forward, and lifted her in my arms. Cold, cold, and stiff, her head crushed, and her sweet face so bruised and disfigured that no trace of features could be discerned. And there beside her lay the body of my little darling May with her poor little head crushed in by a blow from a savage tomahawk. Her childish face was unhurt, and looked as lovely in death as in life. Even the demons who had slain her could not find the heart to destroy her innocent, angel-like loveliness. As I pressed my lips to hers, my senses forsook me, and I sank into a deep faint. When I regained consciousness, all around me was dark, and for hours I sat beside the indistinct form of the dead, unable to think, scarcely believing all to be true, saying to myself that it was only a horrible dream from which I should soon awaken and find all well. At the daylight dawned, my brain recovered from the shock, and my senses returned, and I got up and walked about. Oh, that I could have relieved my pent-up feelings by a flood of bitter tears! My brain felt burned up, and my heart seemed each moment to get harder and harder, and but one thought occupied my mind. A terrible demon had taken triumphal possession of my soul—the demon of revenge! Coolly I thought over my plans. Many thoughts of revenge suggested themselves to my burning brain; but all were dismissed as being neither complete nor terrible enough to satisfy me. In my frenzy, I actually prayed on my knees to the devil for help. How surely and horribly he answered me you will soon hear.—Suddenly I grew calm: I had decided on my course of action.

Then I gently carried the two dead bodies of my loved and lost ones to a bedroom, and carefully washed away all traces of blood, and laid them side by side on the bed, strewing wreaths of flowers around them. Kneeling down by their side, I swore solemnly to carry out the plans of revenge I had formed, without hesitation and without mercy.

Until now I had given no thought to the servants; but going into the kitchen, I found the one woman servant lying murdered, like her mistress. My heart was so full, or so hardened, that I felt no pang of emotion; but muttering a repitition of my oath, I went straight to the storehouse. As I expected, this was completely emptied of everything eatable. Had I wanted any proof that the blacks had perpetrated this murderous, wanton outrage, it was here. On the floor lay a black fellow's "waddie," covered with blood and hair, evidently the weapon used with such fatal effect.

I pass over the next few weeks. People wondered at the manner I bore my loss, and called me unfeeling, hard-hearted, and without natural affection. Had they but guessed the truth! how I was patiently abiding my time, waiting quietly for my opportunity, when, like a wild, ravenous tiger, I would suddenly spring on my victims and utterly destroy them.

For months I waited, but no opportunity for carrying my revenge into effect occurred. Since I was there, I sold my station, alleging as a reason my repugnance to living on the spot where such misfortunes had occurred to me, and where I was constantly being reminded of them.

It was long ere the blacks took courage to come back to their old quarters; but by degrees they did so, and began to settle down to their old life, living on 'possum, kangaroo rats, yams, and, when not likely to be discovered, stealing a sheep or calf, and doing little odd jobs for the settlers in order to obtain a little flour, or—what they valued still more—sugar and tobacco.

Now was the time for me to commence operations; and, feverish with excitement, I prepared for indulging the worst and most devilish passion man is prey to. First, I bought a dray and a team of bullocks, and loaded the dray lightly with stores, consisting chiefly of flour; but among the bags was one small one of sugar. I next went to various druggists' shops, and bought a large quantity of strychnine, representing that I wanted it to poison "dingoes" with. This I mixed with the sugar. Can you guess what I meant to do? Are you not afraid to sit here with such a black-hearted villain? Oh! I was mad—wild with grief, drunk with anger; lost to every feeling but an insatiable longing, an eager, hungry craving for revenge; forsaking all to obtain it—freely giving up all hope of peace here and hereafter for its sake.

I felt almost happy when I started off up country, in the direction of my old station; it was the first real beginning of the terrible end, and I thought when all was completed I should be able to rest in peace. After days of tedious travel I reached a small open space on the run, surrounded by dense forrest and thick scrub. Here I determined to halt, and make the scene of my brutal wickedness.

It was a favorite resort of the blacks, or had been, owing to there being a large water-hole in the creek, which was always well stocked with fish; and I felt certain I would not have to wait long before they came. Unyoking my bullocks, I allowed them to stray wherever they liked, never intending to use them again. I then found a spot in the scrub where I should be well hidden from view, but from which I could command a clear sight of the little open space in front, and here I took up my quarters, anxiously waiting for signs of the blacks. Nor had I long to wait; for that very evening a small party of them came, and, seeing the dray with no one looking after it, drew near and examined it. Evidently they feared to meddle with it—thinking, no doubt, that the owner was not far distant—for they went away without touching anything. This, from what I knew of the timidity of their natures, was exactly what I expected. Soon after daylight next morning I saw a large party of them come out of the forest and march straight up to the dray. This time they were all armed with spears, waddies, and bomerangs, and were daubed all over their bodies and faces with red ochre, looking more hideous than even nature made them; and—no doubt wishing to strike terror into the owner of the dray, should he happen to be there, by their fierce looks and savage gesticulations—rushed forward toward the dray, brandishing their weapons and uttering loud, savage cries.—Finding no one there, they began to ransack the contents of the load, and finally made off, taking with them as much flour as they could carry, and the fatal bag of sugar. For one moment a pang of remorse shot through my heart, and, for the first time, a glimpse of the horrible nature of my devilish purpose shone forth, and I started up and called loudly on the poor blacks to stop. Too late, two late! The unfortunate, deluded wretches only ran off the faster, doubtless thinking I wanted back my goods, and, with their usual cowardly fear of white men, fearing to face even one, knowing from past and bitter experience the deadly danger to be apprehended from the whiteman's gun. Heedless of danger, I followed, vainly anxious now to avert the cowardly deed of which I was guilty. But as I ran, the old, hard black feelings came over me, and the same wicked longing for revenge took possession of my soul, and I gave up the wish to save the miserable savages. My desire again grew strong to watch the end.

How can I find words to tell you more? It is needless. Sufficient to say that I saw them mix up flour and sugar together, and allowed them to eat the poisonous compound without making the least attempt to stop them. Then such a scene of horror followed, that, mad as I was with rage and despair, I fled far into the bush. Oh, how that terrible day seems to haunt me—how the shrieks of my victims ever seem ring

# The Beaver Argus.

J. WEYAND, . . . . . EDITOR.

**Beaver, Pa., June 4, 1873.**


NEWSPAPERS of a prophetic turn of mind are predicting that not a single "salary-grabber" will be returned to Congress. It would be an insult to the good sense of the people to prophesy anything else.

THE Washington *Star* remarks that Chief Justice Chase was the last of his line; that neither he nor his brothers—who all died before him—left any male descendants, and that, therefore, his branch of the family name will become extinct. We believe the same may be said of his two illustrious predecessors, Judges Taney and Marshall, and this makes of the matter a curious coincidence.

A NUMBER of postal cards bearing obscene matter having been sent to the Postoffice Department from different points, the Postmaster General desires it to be generally known that, under the laws of the United States, *the writers of such matter on* postal cards are subject to fine of not less than $100 nor more than $5,000 for each and every offence.

THE Ohio editors met at Columbus last week and among other resolutions adopted were the following.

*Resolved*, That this meeting of editors in convention assembled, request our Representatives and Senators in Congress to favor and support an amendment to the present postal law, graduating the rates of *newspapers* postage, as in their judgment may be equitable in its operation on the newspaper press, namely: A rate within the county where the newspaper is published; a rate within the Congressional district, and outside of the county where the paper is published; a rate within the State, and outside of the county where the paper is published; and a rate outside of the State where published. And also to amend the postal laws so as to prevent the evasion of postage on newspapers by means of express carriages.

*Resolved*, That the members of this Convention request the concurrence of the editors and publishers of the several States in securing the adoption of such a measure as we have proposed in the above resolution.

THE Republican county convention met in Beaver on last Monday at 10 a. m., and was organized by the election of Dr. W. C. Shurlock of Darlington as chairman, and F Miner and James H. Trimble as secretaries. The returns from the different townships being opened, read and footed up, showed Hon. S. J Cross was nominated for the Legislature, J. O. A. Small, esq. for Prothonotary. James H. Mann for treasurer, G. W. Shreades for county Commissioner, John Wilson for Jury Commissioner, Samuel McManamy for Poor House Director, Joseph F. Culbertson for Auditor, and P. L. Grim and R. S. Imbrie for trustees of the Academy.

The ticket is a fair one and we presume it will receive nearly, if not entirely, the full support of the party, in the county. The vote on Saturday last was quite light. We will give it in detail next week.

After the result of the vote was announced Capt. George W. Hamilton of Beaver was elected chairman of the county committee ,and Capts W. S. Shallenberger and D. Crichlow Republican State Convention.

THE demand for postal cards is far in excess of the supply. Everybody wants them but scarcely anybody can get them. Thousands of the country postoffices have hardly yet had a sight of them, and the large city offices can only manage to dole out a very few at a time to those who call for them. A correspondent from Washington says that general dissatisfaction exists there touching the manufacture and delivery of these cards, and that chagrin is the word that sits on the mouth of the Postmaster General just now, and the Third Assistant Postmaster General shares the deep-seated feeling of his superior. It appears that sharply toned letters are daily received from Postmasters and from Congressmen, expressing considerable annoyance on account of failure to supply the requisite number of postal cards. The facts are within easy reach. Early last spring the Postmaster-General, as per advertisement, made a contract for furnishing postal cards. There were a number of bidders, and the contract was awarded to a Massachusetts firm by virtue of the lowest terms. It was stipulated in the contract that on the first of May there should be 5,000,000 cards in the hands of the contractor ready for delivery, and that a like quantity should thereafter be kept constantly on hand. In addition to this, the contract directed that the contractor should furnish daily any quantity desired by the Postmaster General. This provision was intended to make certain that the ability to supply should never be less than the probable demand. Let us see how the contract has been complied with.

On the first of May the contractor had no cards on hand, and up to this day has made only one delivery, when he should have made eighteen. The public have complained, and are met by the notice posted in the various offices that postal cards cannot be furnished for ten days. The demand has been tremendous, but even the Postmaster General acknowledges that it is no larger than he expected. Some say the contractor has taken the job at too low a price, but that should not vitiate the force of the contract. There is a great deal of complaint made here, and no little abuse of the contracting authorities has resulted. The quality of the card is about as poor as they can conveniently get it. No doubt the contractor will be around at the end of the quarter with apologetic letters from Congressmen who want re-election through contract influence and drafts for pay. If it was a postage stamp, and one of our New York bank note companies should give ten stamps a day less than required there would be trouble in the mosaic halls of the Postoffice Department. But here was an idea that was adopted by the immediate few who rule, and it is probable that any amount of nonsense will be endured for what, in a party sense, may be termed "righteousness sake." It is rumored that the Postmaster General has written curt letters to the contractor, stating that unless he can carry out his contract, he need not send in his bill. On the whole, matters seem decidedly mixed with quite unenviable situations on either side.

FRANKLIN B. GOWEN, Esq., one of the most practical and able members of the Constitutional Convention, has resigned. He was not of those who believed they had the right to increase their salary to $2,500, after they had contracted to serve for $1,000.

THE Constitutional Convention last week was compelled to stop *work* because there was not a quorum of members present. And yet almost the first thing the delegates who were absent on their own business did on their return was to increase their pay from $1,000 to $2,500 against the protests of such men as Curtin, Black, and Gowen.

## HERE AND THERE.

—Man proposes. Fifteen years ago, it is said, a Kentucky man bought a coffin for himself, considering it a handy thing to have in the house. Last week, he was totally consumed in a lime-kiln, and the coffin is a dead loss, with the interest on the original cost included.

—A somnambulist in Haverhill Mass., gets up and does the week's washing, returning to bed by 3 a. m.; but last Tuesday he rather over did the businesss by washing again the cloths which he had washed on Monday, so that his wife, finding him too useful by half, has taken precaution to check his propensity.

—A divorce case in St. Louis the other day took a very singular and mysterious turn. The respondent, a Mrs. Hill, testified that it had been agreed by herself and the plaintiff that if they did get a divorce they would marry again. We shouldn't suppose that judge or jury would have much difficulty in disposing of such a case as that; but the ways of married people are really past finding out.

—Lord Derby—and with him many another Englishman—declares that the virtue of thrift is one that does not take root in the minds of his countrymen as it does in those of men of some other countries. The Irish, French, and Scotch save rather than make money, while in England, as the English themselves assert, "hard come, easy go" is the rule. One of their editors observes that the Americans are "as little given to saving as we are." To introduce a saving tendency in the little isle a society has been organized to establish penny banks in every place of business where many men are employed.

—A Louisville lawyer lately met with a singular mishap. His wife wanted waste paper for the manufacture of a certain article of her dress, which may or may not be properly called by us a bustle. Newspapers being scarce in that house, Mrs. Attorner seized upon certain important legal documents which she found in her husband's office, and with them constructed the desired appendage. The case in which these papers were to be used came on for trial, but in consequence of Madam's *little theft they couldn't try it a bit.* An inquiry was instituted—in short, genious culprit confessed, restored the depositions *and so forth*, and we suppose took such a lecture on grand larceny from her husband as she never before had in her life.

—We wonder if the next generation of old ladies in country villages will have as great a horor of debt as those whose homes will soon know them no more. It is a peculiar trait of the average American old lady which it would be well to perpetrate. A good many young people who remember their grandmothers must remember *their* scrupulous exactness *of payment*, the actual and fussy terror with which they regarded a long-unpaid bill. We are reminded of this peculiarity by a floating paragraph chronicling an ancient dame of New England, aged 83, who lately walked ten miles for the purpose of meeting an appointment for the payment of a bill *of ten cents* at a dry goods shop. It is easy to picture the good old lady with her "buskins" precisely tied in a double knot, her beaming spectacles, and her "umbarell." May her decendants inherit her virtues as they will the buskins, the spectacles, and the umbarell.

—A story to smile at is this which comes from Indianapolis: There is an actor there of such beautiful proportions that he is known as the Apollo Belvidere. Exhibiting his exquisite limbs in the streets the other day, he was attacked by a terrier upon whose tail he had stepped, and bitten in the calf. He walked on easily, and did not know that he was nipped until somebody told him. Did blood flow *from* the wound? Not a drop! What did flow? Sawdust! A thin stream of it from the mangled rotundity of the leg! The fact was stated as a bit of interesting local news in the local newspaper, and Apollo undertook to chastise the editor. But what can even an Apollo with sawdust calves do in a rough and tumble fight? He was ignominiously kicked out of the sanctum. *Sic semper* to all who desecrate it by violence, whether their calves be of sawdust or of genuine muscle!

—We read in *The Hot Springs* (Ark.) *Courier* a story of vendetta which might have come from Corsica. About one year ago a trouble arose between the tribes of Wemberly and Flynn about a horse race. It began with the whipping of a Flynn by a Wimberly. Then two of the Flynns, father and son, shot at Wimberly, who returned the fire and killed both of them. Then Blackwell, son-in-law of Flynn senior, took out letters of administration on his father-in-law's estate, and the Flynns being opposed to his selling the property, shot him. The Flynns were then arrested, and one of them imprisoned, while the other proved an alibi, but was shot as he was coming out of the Court-house. The imprisoned Flynn broke jail last Christmas, and has been making trips back and forth to the Indian nation. On Saturday he was heard of in the old neighborhood, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. The party in search of him encountered him on a Sunday morning. He made fight and was shot through the head. He was *the* last of the Flynns; nor should *we think* that anybody in that vicinage would be sorry.

## DECORATION DAY.

Quite a large number of people gathered in Beaver, on last Friday, to aid or witness the strewing of flowers over the graves of the soldiers who have been buried in the two cemeteries near this place. At one p. m. the audience assembled in the Presbyterian church, and the exercises of the occasion were commenced with singing and prayer, after which John J. Wickham, esq., delivered an address of which the following is a condensed report:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—The fragrant and beautiful offerings, which we to-day strew upon the last resting places of our heroic dead, speak more eloquently than can tongue or pen of our deep and heartfelt remembrance of their self-sacrificing patriotism; and were it not customary to add the tribute of words to these expressive token flowers —so emblematical of life, so suggestive of death—I should have considered it a duty to decline the invitation to address you, tendered by the gentleman in charge of the ceremonies.

Let us briefly consider the nature of the feelings and motives which have prompted us to forego, for the time, our ordinary avocations, and assemble together regardless of age, or sex, or party, or creed, in the pleasant yet mournful occupation of decorating the graves of our fellow citizens who fell in the late great civil war. Is it because the ties of blood or friendship bound us more closely to these dead men than to others of our friends and kindred, who likewise have gone down to the chambers of death, that we thus distinguish them? Nay, this cannot be so, for we place our garlands, not only on the tombs of those we knew and loved while living, but as well on every mound that is marked as the place where a soldier, though a stranger and unknown, is sepulchered. Do we come together then to publicly deplore the untimely death of so many brave men, most of them in the earliest flush of manhood, and none past the prime of their mental and physical vigor? Not so, good friends; for real vigor? Not so, good friends; for although the feeling of sorrow, naturally aroused by such a consideration, finds its proper place in our bosoms, it alone would never have brought us here. Death, we know, stays not to count the years of his victims, but claims both old and young, and the brooding wings of peace afford them no protection. And to him who thinks aright—who attempts to compare the infinitely brief period of duration covered by any mortal existence with the long ages of eternity, no life can seem long and no death premature. Are we here then to lament the manner in which these men died, or to mourn because so many of them, death came, like the lightning stroke, without aught of warning or premonition? I trow not; for as the poet says:

"There are worse ways of dying than falling on the sword.
Love of home in one's bosom, and a sabre thrust in one's throat."

And some there are who, with that philosophy which springs from reflecting upon their mortality, count it no evil to fall "where death's brief pang comes quickest." Besides this, observation teaches us, that howsoever or wheresoever men perish, whether in the ways we call natural, in the battle's wild din, or on the ocean's storm tossed bosom, death is rarely an expected visitor. We learn to regard the manifold ills, and diseases, and sufferings, that attend humanity, rather as the necessary incidents of life, than as the precursors of dissolution. And so the footsteps of death are silent: as they are pitiless, and no one knows when or how he shall be summoned from his place among men. But perhaps some one hearing these words may answer, "we are here to show our admiration for the fortitude and courage exhibited by our soldiers on the field of battle. Courage is, without doubt, in itself a grand quality, and we cannot wonder, that it has, in all ages, and among all nations, commanded universal respect; but, in our day, it is not deemed worthy of any very special or extraordinary commendation unless consecrated to noble aims and purposes. War, which was once the pastime and the business of nations, is now universally regarded as an evil and only justifiable under very peculiar circumstances. It can hardly be, therefore, that the simple quality of bravery, to whatever extent exercised and exhibited by the dead warriors, could evoke such an ovation as this. Ah, my friends, this outpouring has a higher import, a deeper, and nobler significance than any f gratitude is neither dead nor slumbering in our bosoms,—to testify, that, deep down in our hearts, we guard, with jealous care, a reverence for patriotic daring—a lofty appreciation of the beauty and the glory of self sacrifice. We meet, not to celebrate or commemorate battles fought or victories won, and least of all to aid in keeping alive sectional hate and bitterness, but to honor the memory of the men, who leaving the homes they gladdened, the familiar scenes of their birth, and the pleasant fields where their boyhood's footsteps strayed, went forth to defend their country in the hour of her danger and humiliation, and cheerfully yielded up their lives to secure her salvation. Many of them fell in actual combat, some came back to their homes and friends maimed and dying, others returned bearing within them the seeds of incural le disease which in the end proved as fatal as bayonet or ball. Now, of achieved rank and station in the nation's armies, others, perhaps equally deserving, equally capable, equally fearless and conscientious in the discharge of duty, heard no summons to "come up higher" until the angel of death called them to partake of that reward, which, we are taught to hope, awaits the true soul hereafter. And to these latter, we fain would think, eternity will prove a better paymaster than time has been, for else indeed eternal justice might well be doubted. But to-day we inquire not what place or position were each of these men whose tombs we decorate, held in the country's service. The petty gradations of rank are ignored or forgotten; the grave knows no distinction; officer and private lie side by side, their dust commingling with its kindred dust. Enough for us, that each has given the Spartan proof of patriotic devotion; enough for us, that each little mound marks the resting place of a soldier, whose life was offered as a willing sacrifice on the altar of national unity.

Although this is a fit time and place for the purpose, I will not detain you with eulogies upon the character or services of the heroic men, living and dead, whose valor and self sacrifice saved our country from disruption. Their just praises have been so often and ably expressed by more eloquent tongues than mine, that whatever I might utter on the subject would seem trite and commonplace. Perhaps, however, I might here hazard the remark, that we are sometimes too apt to glorify the leaders of our armies at the expense of the private soldiery. I opine, that when the true history of the war comes to be written, it will be seen that more battles were won by sheer hard fighting than by strategy or tactics. And this may be said without derogating from the just praise of our generals. Sherman, pushing his invincible columns through Georgia to the sea; Thomas, wise in all his plans, and in their execution as inevitable as fate itself; Sheridan, sweeping with his legions up the Shenandoah valley, and stamping with his charger's iron hoof on the plastic tablets of the times the record of his fame; Grant, persistent and irresistible, these, and others of equal or less celebrity, well deserve the admiration they receive from the present age, and the reverence which will be awarded them by future generations. But we must not reserve for occasions like the present, the just consideration due to the men who bore the haversack and musket. We must not, in our every day thoughts and conversations, too far subordinate the men who, without prospect of glory or profit to stimulate them in the long midnight watches, walked their death flanked beats on the frozen Potomac; the men who, beneath the burden of their heavy equipments, tramped, with patient hearts and weary feet, over Virginia's inhospitable soil, ever keeping their bodies as living bulwarks between their country's capital and the rebellious foe; the men who, preceded, not follow brave Joe Hooker up old Lookout's rugged brow, and stood before Rosecrantz beneath the murky clouds which hid from heaven's pitying sight the awful mysteries of bloody Chickamauga. These were the private soldiers. Always poorly paid, often badly clothed and fed, they marched even to certain death itself without complaint or murmer. Unto them be all praise and honor. Well may these soldiers' orphans who are with us to-day feel proud of their sires; and to whatever of gratitude they entertain towards the Commonwealth which so kindly cares for and educates them, they may properly unite the reflection, that all this kindness and care are but in repayment of a debt the country owes their fathers.

It is fitting, that, on an occasion like the present, we should consider how the patriotic spirit, which actuated these heroic men, may best be cultivated and perpetuated. That our country will ever again be called upon to pass through an intestine struggle similar in magnitude and character to the one we have so recently witnessed is hardly probable; nevertheless the need of unselfish patriotism will be even greater in the future than heretofore. The corruption too prevalent in high places, the cunning and recklessness of demagogueism, the rapid increase and spread of our population, the diversities of business interests, not to mention political differences, all conspire against the perpetuity of our government. It is true there are material influences working in our behalf. The multiplication of railroads, telegraphs, and mail facilities, by bringing the people into more intimate contact, will do much to reconcile conflicting interests, opinions and social habits. Intercommunication is indeed a most potent harmonizer of the passions and the varied interests of men. Every railroad laid down, every telegraph line erected, or postal route established, adds another bond to to the many which unite us as a deep and heartfelt remembrance of their self-sacrificing patriotism; and were it not customary to add the tribute of words to these expressive token flowers —so emblematical of life, so suggestive of death—I should have considered it a duty to decline the invitation to address you, tendered by the gentleman in charge of the ceremonies.

Let us briefly consider the nature of the feelings and motives which have prompted us to forego, for the time, our ordinary avocations, and assemble together regardless of age, or sex, or party, or creed, in the pleasant yet mournful occupation of decorating the graves of our fellow citizens who fell in the late great civil war. Is it because the ties of blood or friendship bound us more closely to these dead men than to others of our friends and kindred, who likewise have gone down to the chambers of death, that we thus distinguish them? Nay, this cannot be so, for we place our garlands, not only on the tombs of those we knew and loved while living, but as well on every mound that is marked as the place where a soldier, though a stranger and unknown, is sepulchered. Do we come together then to publicly deplore the untimely death of so many brave men, most of them in the earliest flush of manhood, and none past the prime of their mental and physical vigor? Not so, good friends; for real vigor? Not so, good friends; for although the feeling of sorrow, naturally aroused by such a consideration, finds its proper place in our bosoms, it alone would never have brought us here. Death, we know, stays not to count the years of his victims, but claims both old and young, and the brooding wings of peace afford them no protection. And to him who thinks aright—who attempts to compare the infinitely brief period of duration covered by any mortal existence with the long ages of eternity, no life can seem long and no death premature. Are we here then to lament the manner in which these men died, or to mourn because so many of them, death came, like the lightning stroke, without aught of warning or premonition? I trow not; for as the poet says:

"There are worse ways of dying than falling on the sword.
Love of home in one's bosom, and a sabre thrust in one's throat."

And some there are who, with that philosophy which springs from reflecting upon their mortality, count it no evil to fall "where death's brief pang comes quickest." Besides this, observation teaches us, that howsoever or wheresoever men perish, whether in the ways we call natural, in the battle's wild din, or on the ocean's storm tossed bosom, death is rarely an expected visitor. We learn to regard the manifold ills, and diseases, and sufferings, that attend humanity, rather as the necessary incidents of life, than as the precursors of dissolution. And so the footsteps of death are silent: as they are pitiless, and no one knows when or how he shall be summoned from his place among men. But perhaps some one hearing these words may answer, "we are here to show our admiration for the fortitude and courage exhibited by our soldiers on the field of battle. Courage is, without doubt, in itself a grand quality, and we cannot wonder, that it has, in all ages, and among all nations, commanded universal respect; but, in our day, it is not deemed worthy of any very special or extraordinary commendation unless consecrated to noble aims and purposes. War, which was once the pastime and the business of nations, is now universally regarded as an evil and only justifiable under very peculiar circumstances. It can hardly be, therefore, that the simple quality of bravery, to whatever extent exercised and exhibited by the dead warriors, could evoke such an ovation as this. Ah, my friends, this outpouring has a higher import, a deeper, and nobler significance than any f gratitude is neither dead nor slumbering in our bosoms,—to testify, that, deep down in our hearts, we guard, with jealous care, a reverence for patriotic daring—a lofty appreciation of the beauty and the glory of self sacrifice. We meet, not to celebrate or commemorate battles fought or victories won, and least of all to aid in keeping alive sectional hate and bitterness, but to honor the memory of the men, who leaving the homes they gladdened, the familiar scenes of their birth, and the pleasant fields where their boyhood's footsteps strayed, went forth to defend their country in the hour of her danger and humiliation, and cheerfully yielded up their lives to secure her salvation. Many of them fell in actual combat, some came back to their homes and friends maimed and dying, others returned bearing within them the seeds of incural le disease which in the end proved as fatal as bayonet or ball. Now, of achieved rank and station in the nation's armies, others, perhaps equally deserving, equally capable, equally fearless and conscientious in the discharge of duty, heard no summons to "come up higher" until the angel of death called them to partake of that reward, which, we are taught to hope, awaits the true soul hereafter. And to these latter, we fain would think, eternity will prove a better paymaster than time has been, for else indeed eternal justice might well be doubted. But to-day we inquire not what place or position were each of these men whose tombs we decorate, held in the country's service. The petty gradations of rank are ignored or forgotten; the grave knows no distinction; officer and private lie side by side, their dust commingling with its kindred dust. Enough for us, that each has given the Spartan proof of patriotic devotion; enough for us, that each little mound marks the resting place of a soldier, whose life was offered as a willing sacrifice on the altar of national unity.

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*On Part of the Army*—Robt. H. Cooper, D. Singleton, James Cameron, C. A Griffin.

*On Part of Navy and Citizens*—J. M. McCreery, G. W. Hamilton, Jas. I. Stokes, Frank Wilson. REP.

## Pennsylvania Central.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says:

The privilege allowed to stockholders of the Pennsylvania Rail road Company to subscribe to the "allotment" of 33 per cent. on their respective amounts of stock, closed on Saturday night. The clerks of the office worked into the small hours of the following morning, in so far closing up to the business of the distribution as to ascertain how much of the aggregate had been paid in. The entire amount of the allotments was something over eighteen millions of dollars, one half of which was called for Saturday last, with the option to the stockholders to pay in full. Some persons thought the company were unwise in calling so much as one-half of the allotment at a single payment; that it might affect unfavorably the money market and depress the price of the stock by forcing an undue amount of allotments and shares in the hands of weak holders on the market. The result has shown that the fears from both the causes named were groundless. The bulk of the payments were made on an unusually easy money market, and in evidence that the 50 per cent. required was not too large a percentage, it is ascertained that over twelve millions of dollars have been subscribed for and paid in, or about 70 per cent. of the entire amount called. A gratifying fact in this connection, and one showing the confidence of the public in the credit company, the stock has advanced fully one per cent.

—A gentleman of an ingenious turn sends to a San Francisco newspaper his plan for exterminating the Modocs. It is to construct a kite capable of carrying a weight of ten pounds. From the tail end of this he proposes to suspend a can of nitroglycerine with an arrangement for its ready detachment. When the kite is over the proper spot in the Lava Beds, the detaching string is to be pulled, and the havoc following the fall and explosion of the box, will be awful. Another plan is to drop the nitro-glycerine from a balloon. The project comes rather late, but nobody can tell what other Indian wars may be awaiting us.

## A FLOOD OF COUNTRY SUICIDES.

**Young Men, Old Men, Rich Men, and Farmers Rushing Into the Valley of Death.**

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Sun.]

BUSHKILL, Pa., May 21.—For two years past a young man, named A. J. Wells, has acted as the general agent of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company for the counties of Pike and Monroe. He sold a large number of machines, and was looked upon as a very prosperous man. A letter received here states that he was found a few days ago in one of the back towns of Monroe county, with his throat cut from ear to ear. Information received from the company by which he was employed throws some light on the subject. It seems that Wells had made no returns to the company of money collected on machines, and was being pressed for a settlement. As he could not make good his defalcations, he cut his throat. He was about twenty-eight years old, and greatly respected.

Jonathan Wonsitler, a well-known citizen of Bucks county, and at one time in good circumstances, was found hanging by the neck from a tree in the woods a day or two ago. For two years he had been in embarrassed circumstances, having been forced into bankruptcy in 1871. This doubtless was the cause of his suicide. He leaves a large and highly respectable family.

Stanley Booz, of Bristol, swallowed a large dose of laudanum the other night. He was found by his brother dead in bed. No reason can be assigned for the act.

In the town of Big Flats, on Monday morning, Jonas McElroy, a respected young farmer, put an end to his life in a strange manner. He went into his wagon-house and got upon a wagon. Taking a small rope, he fastened one end of it about his neck. The other end he fastened to a joist. He then jumped from his wagon. When found his feet almost touched the floor. He was a most exemplary citizen, in good circumstances, and in excellent health. He was unmarried. He was thirty-seven years old.

Henry Whitney, a bachelor, living with his brother in the town of Hume, Alleghony county, hung himself on Friday. He owned the farm on which his brother lived. On the day stated he was in the field plowing. In the evening, after quitting work, he went into the house and commenced playing with the children, with whom he was a great favorite. Shortly afterwards he went toward the barn, followed by the children. He sent them back to the house. His brother found him hanging by his neck from a beam. He was about fifty years of age.

Theron Cole, a farmer, living in the town of Bradford, Steuben county, on Saturday found the body of an unknown man in one of his fields. It must have been lying there some time, as it was in an advanced state of decomposition. Whether he was a suicide, or what was the cause of his death, is not known.

## Instructed Delegates.

The Harrisburg *State Journal*, after copying and indorsing a recent article in this journal, on the necessity of reforming our State politics by sending rings and combinations to the rear, suggests this remedy:

"The only safe course for the masses of the Republican, is not to send a delegate to any convention without having first instructed him. No delegate should be sent to to the State Convention without clear and emphatic instructions. Where this is not done, the people thus represented are always sold out, and their delegates become the mere catspaws of corrupt men who seek the control of the patronage of all parties for the sole and only purpose of putting money into their pockets. It has *absolutely become a system a stench in it not corrected, will eventually destroy* the Republican organization."

One of the misfortunes of our times is that the delegates are instructed, not by the people *in Convention*, but by the managing rings that pack Conventions and dictate who shall represent the party. The mass of delegates to the August Convention will be chosen before the duties of that Convention are well defined or take possession of the public mind. We all know there is to be a Convention, but it is far off, and when the people awake to a full realization of its important duties they will find that in the interval, without discussion either as to candidates or policy, a majority of the delegates have been quietly "set up" in the interest of the ring. That was the way in this county. The first week in May delegates were selected from Allegheny county to a State Convention, to meet the middle of August—an interval of three and a half months. When our delegates were chosen the time of holding the State Convention had not even been announced, although it was probably known to the managers. The County Convention that selected them attracted no interest in its composition, and it is generally believed the list of its members was made out in advance, and that the programme of their duties was carefully pre-arranged in its most minute details. The Convention, so far as it was a representative body, could as well have been held last Christmas. When our people awake to the importance of the State Convention, they will find themselves forestalled—the delegates set up, and, as our Harrisburg cotemporary suggests, "instructed," but not by the Republican party. It is to this shrewdness of the ring, in taking advantage of the natural indifference of the people to engaging in political controversy months before there is any necessity for it, that they owe their controlling influence in the councils of the party. But we have strong hopes that some of these setup delegations, from different counties, will appreciate the demand for a reform in party management, and will gather their instructions from the popular sentiment, as it shows itself next August, rather than take them cut and dried from the wirepullers, who mark out their political charts six months ahead, in a Philadelphia hotel, over champagne and terrapin.—*Evening Telegraph.*

## THE LATEST SENSATION.

**Col. Tom. Scott and the Marquis of Bute to Found an Empire in Mexico.**

[From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

What should we do without a sensation occasionally? It is now reported that a movement is on foot, headed by no less and no greater a personage than Colonel Thomas A. Scott, the railway king, to found a magnificient empire in the north and east of Mexico. The Colonel is reported to have associated with him the Marquis of Bute, and to be engaged in negotiations with the Mexican government for the cession or lease of a number of the Mexican States. What if he has got tired of railroading, and desires to play emperor of grand duke, or something of that kind, for a while, let him buy up the lava beds and establish himself in a more congenial climate. The New York *Sun* says Grant is in the scheme (it would be exceedingly difficult for the *Sun* to think of anything, however preposterous, without having Grant in it), and that the McKenzie raid was planned a long time ago, and intended as "a sort of feeler regarding annexation." But what does Colonel Scott want with a "magnificient empire" annexed to the United States? He might as well be on his farm in Pennsylvania, if he has one, as to be the proprietor of an empire in the South which was annexed to this country, and filled with Mexican greasers and Kickapoo Indians. The *Sun's* story lacks consistency—which is entirely unnecessary, it being just as easy to get a reasonable story while you are about it as one utterly incredible.

## CAPTAIN JACK.

**The Modoc Murderer a Highstoned Native of Kentucky.**

[From the Frankfort Yeoman.]

It is at this time currently reported in this community, and by many believed, that Capt. Jack, the celebrated Modoc Chief, is a son of Capt. Jack Chambers, a native and formerly a well known citizen of the western part of this county. In support of this belief, the following facts are given: About the year 1845-6 a party of emigrants, made up of citizens of Franklin county and other parts of Kentucky, went to California on a fortune-seeking expedition. With this party went Capt. Jack Chambers, a bold daring man, who, though a full-blooded white man, possessed many of the characteristics, physical as well as mental and moral, of an Indian brave. On reaching California, the party gradually broke up and scattered, but it was well known, and so reported by all those who subsequently returned to Kentucky, that Capt. Jack Chambers fell in with the Modoc Indians, married the daughter of their head chief, at whose death he (Capt. Chambers) succeeded to the chieftainship by election, and so continued to the day of his death, only a few years ago. It is also said that, after living with the Modocs some years, he became so much like the rest of the warriors of that tribe, both in speech and general physique, that the closest observer never suspected that he was other than a full-blooded Indian. Besides, the Captain himself favored the delusion; and hence it is that we see it stated in all the sketches of "Capt. Jack," the present Modoc chief, that he is the son of a full-blooded chief of that tribe. In fact, this was the general belief of all the Indian traders and agents who ever came in contact with this tribe. At the time of his joining the Modocs, Capt. Jack Chambers was between thirty-five and forty years of age. Previous to his emigration to California, however, he had volunteered in the war for the independence of Texas, where he distinguished himself as a brave soldier and capital officer. It is an interesting and remarkable fact in his personal history that he was one of a family of twenty-four children—twenty-one sons and three daughters—all of whom grew to maturity, most of whom are still living, and nearly all of whom were remarkable for physical qualities closely resembling those of the higher types of the American Indians.

## The New Postal Experiment.

There never was a liberalization of the postal laws received with more favor than that which attends the sale and use of the penny postal cards. These cards will increase the business of the country, in the exchanges of retail trade, millions of dollars, and will thus indirectly lead to the establishment of many new enterprises of a local character. There are many who believe it will be impossible for the government to make its receipts cover its expenses, believing that the extra labor required to handle the increased mails will more than balance any margin for profit by reason of the increase. But there have been similar doubters whenever any reduction has been made, while the result has always been precisely opposite to the prediction. Probably there can be no cheaper postage than that of the present postal card, and for many purposes it will come into extensive use. It possesses many advantages over the ordinary one cent circular which business men will not be slow to improve. By orders from the Postmaster General, these cards are not to be treated as doubtful matter, while the ordinary circular has not more attention than a any writing on it. By the law the address, subjects it to letter postage, so that for sending prices current or similar purposes it will be entirely superseded by the card, upon which the manufacturer can have his price list printed, which blank spaces for giving figures as the market varies.

The card is of sufficient size to enable a full business notice to be printed on the back, and while they are a novelty, they will be largely used for advertising purposes. They will also come into general use for the large class of brief correspondence to which secrecy is immaterial, while private alphabets will probably lead to their extensive use by others. The great demand for them on the part of the public is exhibited by the constantly increasing orders which the Postmaster General is receiving. One postmaster who began by ordering 10,000 for a city of moderate dimentions has already increased his order to 300,000.

While thus looking at the liberality of the postal card, we are reminded of a piece of petty spite-work which goes into effect shortly, namely, the repeal of the free exchange of newspapers through the mails, now and always enjoyed by the newspaper publishers who gradually and directly built up our present magnificent postal system. The multiplication of newspapers increased the business of correspondence, and created of itself immense postal revenues. Advertising required a multiplied correspondence in all parts of the country, and thus directly to the enterprize and genius of the newspaper publisher is the government indebted for the patronage which has built up the postal system to its present proportions, and yet at the very time when it is enabled to liberalize the system to the people, it indulges in petty acts of oppression to the sources of its original prosperity. The postage to be paid on the exchange papers or publishers is the tyranny, perpetrated in a spirit of blind spite, and already, before it has gone into operation, a disgrace to the Congress which did it. The next Congress will repeal it.—*State Journal.*

## Delightfully Romantic.

The marriage of George Marshall and Ellen Mayfield, which occured at the Grand Hotel a few days since, was an event highly spiced with romance. The couple first met in the troublesome times of 1862, at a farm house, on the road between Harper's Ferry and Leechburg, when Marshall, as a Union soldier attached to a New Jersey regiment, rescued the lady from outrage at the hands of two Confederate soldiers. After the battle of Antietam they met again, when Miss Mayfield, attended by other ladies, was ministering to the wounded upon the battlefield. In a wounded lieutenant, who was lying in a barn, she recognized her rescuer, and procured his removal to her father's residence, in Adams county, Pennsylvania, where she nursed him tenderly under his recovery. Marshall was subsequently assigned to a distant department, and in time, his letters remaining unanswered, he concluded his fair friend had considered her debt of gratitude cancelled, and abandoned him for some older love. He came to California at the termination of the war, and settled in business at San Jose. A few days since his eye caught the name of "Miss Ellen Mayfield" among the list of overland passengers. Elated with hope, he lost no time in proceeding to Sacramento to meet the train that bore the object of his affections and the picture of his reveries through the long years of separation. The meeting was mutual happy, and the marriage announcement that followed shortly after, tells the remainder of the story. The estrangement had been caused by the intercepting of letters by a meddlesome person, supposed to be interested in the breaking up of the match.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*


**Suicide of a Young Married Woman.**

A young married woman named Jennie Dennis, whose husband is lock tender at Harrisburg, on Tuesday, evening last jumped into the canal and was drowned. She had only been married about nine months, and her marital relations seem to have been unpleasant for some weeks past. The unfortunate young woman penned three notes before committing the rash act, one of which was addressed to a lady friend, one to her mother, and one to her husband, the latter being as follows:

DEAR WILLIE: My husband. Try and forgive me, as I hope God will forgive both you and me, as he knows my thoughts and feelings. O that I might look at you and kiss once more those loved lips that has so often spoken harsh things to me, but I freely forgive you. So do not mourn for me when you read these few last lines my hand shall ever trace. I love you to the last, My only and last thoughts shall be to thee, my dear. Never more will I be here to cost you anything, but my little narrow home. Willie for you I end my life. I was happy till you began to get cross to me. You may not have meant it, but I could not think so, so it worried me and made me cross, but forgive me laying cold and still in death.

My mother is to have all my clothes, and the bed clothes you can give your mother. Do what you please with the furniture. Once more I ask you to forgive me and forget your erring wife, I loved you so. JENNIE DENNIS.

*New Advertisements*

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm

A FEW APPLICATIONS MAKE A

Pure Blooming Complexion.

It is Purely Vegetable, and its operation is seen and felt at once. It does away with the Flushed Appearance caused by Heat, Fatigue, and Excitement. Heals and removes all Blotches an Pimples, dispelling dark and unsightly spots. Drives away Tan, Freckles, and Sunburn, and by its gentle but powerful influence mantles the faded cheek with

YOUTHFUL BLOOM AND BEAUTY.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Store. Depot, 482 Place, New York.

MEXICAN

MUSTANG LINIMENT.

A 20 Years of trial has proved it to be the best healing and pain Liniment in the World.

It is recommended with unbounded confidence for Rheumatism, Burns, S

# The Beaver Argus.

**Beaver, Pa., June 4, 1873.**

*Circulation Thirteen Hundred.*



### Rates of Advertising.

| TIME. | 3w. | 6w. | 3m. | 6m. | 1 year |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 square—10 lines, | $3 00 | $3 00 | $5 00 | $7 00 | $10 00 |
| 2 squares, do | 5 50 | 5 00 | 7 00 | 10 00 | 15 00 |
| 3 squares, do | 5 00 | 6 00 | 9 00 | 12 00 | 18 00 |
| 4 squares, do | 6 00 | 8 00 | 10 50 | 15 00 | 21 00 |
| ¼ column, | 8 00 | 11 00 | 17 00 | 24 00 | 38 00 |
| ½ column, | 11 00 | 15 00 | 20 00 | 33 00 | 60 00 |
| 1 column, | 22 00 | 30 00 | 38 00 | 60 00 | 100 00 |

Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....$3 00
Special notices per line, ten cents.

☞ Payments to be made Quarterly, except for transient advertisements, which must be paid in advance.

### JOB WORK.

| | |
|---|---|
| Eighth Sheet Bills 25 copies or less | $3 00 |
| 25 additional copies or less | 50 |
| Fourth Sheet Bills 25 copies or less | 3 00 |
| 25 additional copies or less | 75 |
| Half Sheet Bills 25 copies or less | 5 00 |
| 25 additional copies or less | 1 50 |
| Full Sheet Bills 25 copies or less | 8 00 |
| 25 additional copies or less | 2 00 |
| Bills in Equity five pages or less | 15 00 |
| Each additional page | 2 00 |
| Blanks, plain, one quire | 2 00 |
| Each additional quire | 1 00 |

Other Job work at same rates.


### TIME TABLE.

**Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R.**—Trains going East leave Beaver Station as follows: Morning Accom'n 9.19; Mail, 2. p. m.; Evening Fast Line, 7.01.

Trains going West leave Beaver Station as follows: Mail, 7.46 a. m.; Accommodation 5.40 p. m.

**The attention of the public is directed to the following New Advertisements which appear for the first time in the Argus to-day:**

Special Notice—H. Merz.....4-3w
Ads—Daig & Silverman.....5eqe-1y
Special Notice—Holloway's Pills.....C
Special Notice—Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure.....C
Special Notice—Hagan's Magnolia Balm.....C
Special Notice—Persan Oleine—L. Maginnis 9-3w
Special Notice—Drs. Oldshue.....23
Special Notice—W. A. Smith.....11
Special Notice—Speyerer & Son.....10-2w
Special Notice—H.S. Hibbard.....21-3w
Special Notice—S. & J. Snellenburg.....23
Card—J J Power.....1f
Special Notices—J. M. McCreery.....6
Ads—R. T. Taylor.....1¼eqe-tf

**A tramping** printer named A. F. Jackson, described as having a "Wilson strawberry nose," and such a general appearance that he would not be mistaken for a capitalist, has eloped from Kingston, N. Y., with Mrs. Garrison, a married lady. Mr. Garrison collected a small arsenal of revolvers, shot guns, knives, and other deadly weapons, and was about to camp on the trail of the missing couple, when friends persuaded him that a woman who would desert such a man as he and go off with a man like Jackson was not worth hunting for; he should consider Jackson a blessing in disguise. He took the advice, sold out his armory, and again pursues the paths of peace.


**Hardware.**—J. S. Winans & Co., have opened a hardware store in the old depot building, Rochester, where every article in that line can be had at reasonable prices. Give them a call. 5-21-3w


**Right.**—Many members of the Constitutional Convention have shown a disposition to retard business by absenting themselves without sufficient cause. To remedy this evil, the Hon. George V. Lawrence offered the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, The members of this Convention have voluntarily accepted the trust imposed on them by their constituents, and assumed the responsibility of performing the several duties with fidelity, under the obligation of an oath:

And Whereas, The Convention is frequently left without a quorum for business, owing to the absence of members, especially at the hour of meeting, therefore,

*Resolved*, That members of this Convention who absent themselves without leave, and are not detained by personal illness, or sickness in their families and thus retard the business of the Convention, are justly liable to the censure of this body.


**Free of Charge.**—Call at Hugo Andriessen's Beaver Drug Store, Beaver, Pa, and get a sample bottle of Dr. A. Boschee's German Syrup, *free of charge*. It has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and for any person suffering with a severe cough, heavy cold settled on the breast, consumption or any disease of the throat and lungs it has no equal in the world. Our regular size bottles 75 cents. In all cases money will be promptly returned if perfect satisfaction is not given. Two doses will relieve any case. Try it nov29-1y.


**Are Advertisements ever read?**—In the course of a spicy article, answering this question, the Mobile *Register* says: "If any man affects to believe that advertisements are not read, let him advertise that he wants to buy a dog, for instance. If he is not furnished with every variety of animated sausage that morning before breakfast—and, besides, with one or two sound grounds for suits against him for assault, we will break our golden rule and deadhead his advertisement. And it is fair to infer that any man who wants to sell a dog, also wishes to buy something with the proceeds of his canine venture. And so up to the man who wishes to sell his cargo of coffee that he may buy a cargo of western produce."


**Hardware.**—J. S. Winans & Co., have opened a hardware store in the old depot building, Rochester, where every article in that line can be had at reasonable prices. Give them a call. 5-21-3w


**On** Monday night last, Mr. James W Walton, of Slippery Rock township, who had been sick for some time, committed suicide while in a fit of temporary insanity. About 3 o'clock, he hastily left his bed and rapidly proceeded toward his barn, closely followed by his brother-in-law, who having been in the same bed, was aroused by Walton's leaving. As Walton soon disappeared from the view of his brother-in-law, Mr. Wineman, and as he could not be found in or about the barn, several neighbors were awakened and informed of Walton's conduct, who joined in the search, and about 4 o'clock in the morning Walton was found dead in a coal bank at no great distance from his residence. When found he was about twenty feet from the entrance lying upon his face with his arms and hands thrown forward in water about twelve inches deep. He had evidently drowned himself in that posture. The Coroner, Dr. J. K. Pollock, was summoned, and a verdict was rendered in accordance with the facts as above stated. The deceased was about 35 years of age, and leaves a wife and three children.—*New Castle Gazette.*

**We** would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column, of the Brooks Sewing Machine Co. of New York, they advertise, what is indeed a valuable invention, a first-class Sewing Machine for five dollars. feb.5-1y

**To Marry or not to Marry.**—A New Castle, Lawrence county widow,—we will take it for granted that she is fair, fat and less than forty—gives the following advice to others of her sex: "Never marry a man until you have seen him eat. Let him pass through the ordeal of eating soft boiled eggs. If he can do it, and leave his table-spread, the napkin and his shirt-bosom unspotted, take him. Try next a spare rib. If he accomplishes this feat without putting out one of his eyes, or pitching the bones into your lap, name the wedding day—he'll do to tie to."

**Court** reconvened Monday afternoon but, owing to the absence of Judge Acheson, an adjournment was had until Thursday, when the road business will be taken up. The jurors summoned for civil causes were discharged finally. Judge Acheson was suddenly called to Kittanning on Saturday in consequence of the serious illness of his brother William.—*Lancaster Examiner.*

811 BREMER AVENUE,
ST. LOUIS, MO., May 23, 1873.

*To the Editor of the Argus.*

DEAR SIR:—A line from this great modern Babel, may be interesting to you and the readers of the ARGUS. In St. Louis reside the Scandinavian and those who have come from far Cathay. The Mongolian does our washing, the Germans make and consume our beer; the New England Yankee and the Carolinian are here. All kindreds, and tongues, and nations, and peoples are denizens of this mighty Emporium, numbering its 480,000. The foreign element is fast becoming assimilated. The public schools, which are said to be the best in the world, are rapidly Americanizing the children of foreign born parents. The Fairmount Church, of which I am pastor elect, is holding a strawberry festival. Last evening it was a success, and the prospects are favorable for still greater success this evening. I will copy a letter which I received through their Postoffice.

FAIRMOUNT STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL,
ST. LOUIS, MO., May 22, 1873.

DEAR MR. A——: We are very glad that you are with us. We give you a cordial welcome, and fervently hope that you may be taken into the hearts of all your people, and we will ever pray that God will give you strength and will to work and that your labors may be abundantly blessed among us. Yours, in Christ.

All the letters shown me were characterized by moral sentiment instead of the frivulous epistle usually received on such occasions. On Wednesday evening of last week, I led the Teacher's Meeting in Bridgewater, Pa.; on last Sabbath, I taught the Bible Class in Fairmount Church, St. Louis. In both places, hundreds of miles distant from each other, the same lesson was taught. How railroads annihilate time and space. Let me dwell for a brief space on one thought not well understood by teachers and scholars. Many of the patriarchs and prophets were types of Christ. Take the history of Isaac to illustrate this idea, and it seems strange that any should ever have failed to see in him one of the most remarkable types of our Saviour's death and resurrection. It was in this perhaps more than in any other promise or event that Abraham saw in the day of Christ and rejoiced. He had a most clear illustration of the purpose for which the promised seed was to come into the world, a clearer representation than by any other type of the nature, the manner, the circumstances and ends of the death of Christ. The points of resemblance are numerous. Some of the most important of them are these: Isaac was a child of promise, so Christ was the substance of the promises of the Old Testament. Isaac, when born, was persecuted by Ishmael; so Jesus Christ was persecuted in his infancy by Herod, Ishmael's son. Isaac caused the bond-woman and her son to be cast out; so Jesus Christ delivers us from the bondage of Sinai, and makes us the children of the free woman. Isaac was the only son of his father—the only one born of Sarah, the lawful wife; so Jesus Christ is the only begotten of the Father. Isaac was a son whom his father loved; so Jesus Christ is the beloved son of God, in whom he is well pleased. Isaac was heir to all his father's goods; so Jesus is appointed heir of all things. Isaac was, by Divine command, devoted to death; so it behooved Jesus Christ to suffer and die according to the will of God in the law of the eternal covenant. Isaac was to be an offering; so Jesus Christ was an offering and sacrifice for us. Isaac was to suffer by his father's hand; so the Father spared not his own son but freely delivered him up for us all. Isaac was given readily; so it pleased the Father to bruise his son. Isaac bore the wood by which he was to be consumed; so Jesus went forth to the place of suffering bearing His cross. The place where Isaac was to be offered was Mount Moriah, on which the temple was afterward built, and at the foot of the Mount or near it, Jesus Christ offered himself for us. Isaac was three days under sentence of death, and all this time might be reconed as dead; the son of man was three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. Isaac appears to have made no resistance, to have uttered no complaint; so Jesus Christ was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep is dumb before his shearers, so he opened not his mouth. Isaac was offered and yet received, as from the dead, Jesus Christ was delivered for our offenses and raised for our justification. In his manner, Isaac may be regarded as a figure of the church, in her deliverance by Christ. He is spared and a sacrifice provided by God is substituted in his room; so the church is spared and the Lamb of God provided in the council of eternity suffers that we may go free. So Joseph, and Moses, and David were eminent types of Christ.

Yours truly,
WYANDOTTE.


**Nicest** assortment and cheapest dress goods in the county at Hibbard's, Rochester, Pa. 5-23-2w

**Hardware.**—J. S. Winans & Co., have opened a hardware store in the old depot building, Rochester, where every article in that line can be had at reasonable prices. Give them a call. 5-21-3w


**Fish and Game.**—The Legislature last winter passed an Act amending the fish and game laws of the State. It provides that except for scientific purposes no night hawk, whippoorwill, sparrow, thrush, lark, finch, martin, chimney or barn swallow, wood pecker, flicker, robbin, oriole, red bird, cedar bird, tonager, cat bird, blue bird, or any other insectiverous birds, shall be caught or killed under a penalty of five dollars for each bird so caught or held in possession. A penalty of ten dollars is provided for destroying the eggs of wild birds, except those that are predatory. Wild pigeons are not to be disturbed in their roostings under a penalty of twenty-five dollars. Patridges are not to be trapped at any time except for the purpose of keeping alive, the penalty being ten dollars. The season allowed for killing upland or grass plover extends from August 1st to January 1st, and for any violation of the law there is a fine of ten dollars; for wood cock, from August 1st to January 1st—penalty ten dollars; for wilson or grey snipe, from September 1st to April 20th—penalty ten dollars; for quail or partridge, from November 1st to January 1st—penalty ten dollars; for pheasant, from September 1st to January 1st—penalty ten dollars. The squirrel hunting season extends from July 1st to January 1st, and a fine of five dollars is provided for any violation of the law; hare or rabbets may be taken from the 1st of October to the 1st of February, after that a penalty of five dollars is affixed. Hunting on Sunday is prohibited under a fine from ten to twenty-five dollars. Speckled trout are to be caught only with hook and line, under a penalty of twenty-five dollars. Salmon and trout may be caught and exposed for sale from the 1st of April to the 15th of August. Catching or selling out of season subjects the offender to a fine of ten dollars. Culm or coal dirt is not to be deposited in streams under a fine of fifty dollars for each offence. One-half of these fines goes to the informer and the other half is paid into the county treasury, and in default of payment the offender is imprisoned for the term of not less that one day for each dollar of fine unpaid. Prosecutions must be commenced within six months of the time the offence is committed. The law is quite lengthy and persons especially interested therein should procure a copy of the pamphlet laws for 1873.


**Ice Cold Sparkling Soda Water,** flavored with pure fruit syrups, fresh from Hugo Andriessen's marble fountains. apr16-3m


**The Dinsmore Wool Case.**—The somewhat celebrated Dinsmore wool case has been definitely determined by the Supreme Court. It will be recollected that about two years ago a young man who falsely represented himself as a traveling agent for Barker & Co., Pittsburgh wool dealers, bought about $3,000 worth of wool from John Dinsmore, a well known farmer then residing near Burgettstown, this county, and had it shipped to Pittsburgh. Subsequently the money was paid by Barker & Co. to the person who had directed its shipment, and who, while obtaining the money, falsely represented himself as Martin Dinsmore, a son of John, and when the latter called for the money he discovered the swindle. Mr. Dinsmore then brought suit against Barker & Co., in the District Court of Pittsburgh, for the price of the wool, and succeeded in obtaining a verdict for the full amount. An appeal was then taken to the Supreme Court by the defendant, and the judgment was affirmed in the following opinion delivered by Judge Williams:

"The verdict of the jury establishes the fact that the plaintiff below did not sell the wool to the defendants' vendor, as an individual on his own responsibility, but as a member or agent of the defendants' firm and upon their credit. Nor was the wool delivered to him by the plaintiff. It was delivered to the Railroad Company to be carried to Pittsburgh, and there delivered to the defendants to whom it was consigned by the plaintiff. Under the contract of shipment the company had no right to deliver the wool to any person except to the consignees; and their delivery of it to the defendants' vendor vested in him no property or right of possession as against the plaintiff. The principle which underlies this case, and by which the rights of the parties are to be determined is this: The sale of the goods by one who has tortously obtained their possession without the owner's consent, vests in the purchase no title to them as against the owner. As a general rule no man can be divested of his property without his own consent and voluntary act. It is true that there are exceptions to the rule as clearly defined and as well settled as the rule itself, but this case does not come within any of them. Here the defendant's vendor, as we have seen, acquired no right or title to the wool in his contract with the plaintiff, and he did not obtain from him its actual possession. The Railroad Company had no authority, as the plaintiff's agent, to deliver the wool to him, and their delivery gave him no right or title to it whatever. Nor had he any apparent or implied authority from the plaintiff to sell or dispose of it. It is clear, then, that he could convey no title by its sale, and if so, the defendants could acquire no title by its sale, and if so, the defendants could acquire no title by its purchase, though they purchased it for a fair and valuable consideration in the usual course of trade, without notice of the plaintiff's ownership, or any suspicious circumstances calculated to awaken inquiry or put them on their guard. The case is a hard one in any aspect of it. One or two innocent parties must suffer by the fraud and knavery of a swindler who had no authority to act for either. But the law is well settled that the owner cannot be divested of his property without his own consent, unless he has placed it in the possession or custody of another and given him an apparent or implied right to dispose of it. The case was tried on this principle, and as there is no error apparent to the record, the judgment must be affirmed.

Judgment affirmed.—*Washington Examiner.*


**Save** 10 per cent by buying goods of Hibbard, Rochester. 5-23-2w

**$100** will buy a good second hand leather top buggy. Six months time will be given for payment. Inquire for M. at ARGUS office. 4-3tf

**Doubtful.**—We can hardly believe that Bro. Curtis, on sending off his first postal card, enclosed the thing in an envelope, clapped on a three cent stamp, dropped it into the Post-office, and remarked that it was the handiest arrangement he ever saw in his life. Nor can we credit the story that he wondered why the Post-office department did not introduce these cards a century or two ago. He believes in postal cards but not in postal telegraphy. The way to bring him right on the latter is to fetch Bro. Rutan first. As the Vienna Commissioner goes, so goes—not the Union, —but Curtis.

**Cheapest** clothing in the county at Hibbard's, Rochester, Pa. 5-23-2w

**Boots,** Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers at low prices, at H. Merz's, Beaver Pa. 6-4-3w

**Cheapest** hats in the county at Hibbard's, Rochester, Pa. 5-23-2w


**On** the 16th inst., a notorious and professional forger was arrested in Greenville, Mercer county. A large number of checks, already filled out, with forged signatures, on banks in Pittsburgh, New Castle, Sharon, Mercer, Greenville, Oil City, and other places, were found in his possession. Some idea of his character may be obtained from the fact that last autumn he succeeded in getting $4,000 on forged checks from a bank in Ontario, Ohio. He also forged his father's name to a check for $2,000, in New Brighton, Beaver county, and got the money. His true name is W. S. Kennedy. He is a married man, and his family reside in Ontario, Ohio. He is at present in the Venango county jail awaiting his trial at the next term of court.


**Flowers and Plants.**—Fresh blooming flowers and plants received daily. Orders for all kinds of shrubs and trees promptly filled. Chas. B. Hurst, near depot, Rochester, Pa. 5-21-3w


**An** Ohio post-master has received a letter wherein the writer proffers a curious request, as follows: "If you can & will ascertain the names of Some rich old maid or widow worth from 5 thousand, to 50,000 or more let me know by return Mail and I will pitch in and if I make it tie the Knot, it is 1 hundred dollars in your pocket. Keep this a profound secret between us two if it gets out all is spoiled I am pour but want to marry rich."


**Warning** —Cold nights, warm days, and all sudden changes in the weather often produce serious results; but if you wish to be fully prepared for diseases peculiar to hot and changeable weather, or those caused by eating green vegetables, always have at hand a bottle of Dr. J. Maginnis' Persian Oleine, as it is the best known remedy for cholera, cramp and pains of all kinds. Sold by druggists, dealers and agents.


**Mrs. Electa Lyon,** wife of the late James Lyon, esq., of Beaver, reached her 91st birthday on last Friday, and celebrated the event by gathering around her on that occasion all of her children now residing in this vicinity, and together partaking of a family dinner. Mrs. Lyon's mental faculties are still quite clear though her sight is almost if not entirely gone.

**About** two years ago Mr. Wm. P. Wilstach, a rich Philadelphia merchant, died, leaving an estate worth about $1,000,000. By the terms of his will he left half of this sum to his wife for her sole separate use, and the other half to his daughter Anna Gertrude, then a minor, who was to come into possession of it when she should attain the twenty-first year of her age, on March 21, 1874. In case of her death before that time, however, the share which she would otherwise have received was to go to certain public institutions and charities of the city of Philadelphia. On Monday last Miss Wilstach died, and consequently the $500,000 bequeathed to her will go to the institutions and charities named by the father's will.

**A Washington County Romance.**—The Johnstown *Tribune* says that "Wedded yet not Wife," is the title of a story in one of the flashy newspapers of the day, and although we have not read it, yet we have a home story that the heading will suit, and it can be related in one chapter. A lady emigrated with her husband from England a few years ago. The gentleman with whom she had entered into a matrimonial alliance was not her original choice, as she had loved a young man previous to her marriage who failed to reciprocate the tender passion. Coming to this country, the wedded pair settled in Washington county, and by dint of patient industry amassed a handsome competence. Some months ago the husband died, and after a proper season spent in grief at his loss, the now comparatively wealthy widow concluded to acquaint her first and only love with her present condition. Whether it was in the fact that she had now in her possession a considerable sum of money, or a lingering feeling of regret that he had not reciprocated the affection which she had once plainly intimated she felt for him, the gentleman whom she had once admired, and still loved devotedly, answered her letter and expressed a willingness to enter into matrimonial negotiations. She bought a ticket guaranteeing him a passage from Liverpool to this city, as she had a short time subsequent to the death of her husband moved from Washington county to this place, bringing with her a sister some four years her junior. The English lover arrived at the depot here several weeks ago, and it happened that the widow was at that time on a visit to Washington county, for the purpose of settling up the estate of her deceased husband. The sister accordingly met the stranger, and being mutually pleased with each other, they took a hasty jaunt to Pittsburgh, and returned man and wife. Some three days afterwards the widow made her appearance here but only to find the object of her affections bound by the most solemn vows to her sister. She didn't go into hysterics, or anything of that kind, but by the systematic course of procedure succeeded in enticing the susceptible Englishman from the embrace of his lawful wife, who suspected that something was up, and after watching for some time, she at length discovered the infidelity of her husband. A scene ensued, and on Saturday evening she called on a justice for advice in the matter, alleging her intention of prosecuting the guilty pair to the full extent of the law.


**Cheapest** millinery in the county, at Hibbard's, Rochester, Pa. 5-23-2w


**The** object of the Postal Card is to facilitate letter correspondence and provide for the transmission through the mails, at a reduced rate of postage, of short communications, either printed or written in pencil or ink, they may therefore be used for orders, invitations, notices, receipts acknowledgements, price lists, and other requirements of business and social life; and the matter desired to be conveyed may be either in writing or in print, or partially in both. In their treatment as mail matter they are to be regarded by postmasters the same as sealed letters, and not as printed matter, *except that in no case will un-claimed cards be returned to the writers or sent to the Dead Letter Office.* If not delivered within sixty (60) days from the time of receipt they will be burned by post-masters.


**Boots,** Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers at low prices, at H. Merz's, Beaver, Pa. 6-4-3w


**Incendiarism.**—The National Board of Underwriters at their late meeting in the city of New York, resolved to raise a fund of $100,000 for the detection, conviction and punishment of parties engaged in the nefarious business of incendiarism and arson. The Executive Committee of that Board at their meeting on the 16th inst., carried out the resolution and opened the subscription.

We hail this movement as a step in the right direction, and commend the action as one not only likely to benefit Underwriters, but also to protect the public from wholesale loss. This action is the more important when it is remembered that the experience of the large companies transacting he business of fire insurance in the United States shows that the proportion of loss to be attributed to the above causes is not less than 33 per cent. of the whole, or a loss to the country of at least twenty-five millions of dollars per annum.

**About** a year ago a sober and industrious carpenter, a new comer in Dayton, Ohio, married a very wealthy lady and settled down with very good prospects for the future. All went prosperously and happily for nearly twelve months. One evening last week, however, after the day's toil was over, and he was sitting in the presence of his wife, there was a knock at the door. Now, small boys are always intrusive, and not seldom disagreeable. One such, both disagreeable and intrusive burst into the room as soon as the door was opened, followed by a woman and two other children, and before the carpenter could realize the situation, the miserable boy had shouted, "Oh, papa! we have found you at last." The rival claims of the women have interrupted the man's latest domestic arrangements, and the services of the courts are necessary to relieve them from their difficulties.

**Newspaper Failures in New York.**—The New York *Express* says: "In less than twenty years 109 daily journals have had an existence in this city, and 100 of the number are dead, at a loss of over 25,000,000. The expenses of publication have increased more than six-fold in twenty years, and are every day increasing. The competition is now sharper than ever, and though daily papers are not more numerous than they have been, every year adds to the telegraphic news, type-setting and other expenses. In July of this year the system of free exchanges will be abolished, adding another expense in procuring Federal, State, local and other intelligence."


**Cheapest** dry goods in the county, at Hibbard's, Rochester, Pa. 5-23-2w


**One** of Blair county's candidates for the office of Sheriff, is now sojourning in the county jail. Selling liquor illegally is what did the business, and as he can't get out to electioneer, he appeals to his friends, through the newspapers, to remember him at the primary election.

**New Postmaster at Enon.**—R. B. Miller, Esq., has taken charge of the Postoffice at Enon Valley. Mr. Miller is said to be an accommodating gentleman, and it is believed he will make an efficient officer.

**A Serious Casualty.**—On last Saturday, Mr. James Morian, of Fallston, while engaged at work in one of the lumber mills in that village, had his right arm caught in some of the machinery, and injured so severely as to render amputation necessary. The wounded limb was taken off about midway between the wrist and elbow. Mr. Morian is doing well, and in all probability will soon be about again. The loss of his arm will beget him the sympathy of all who know him.

**Twenty Years Younger.**—To say that hundreds of maids, wives and widows look twenty years younger than they are in consequence of the complexional freshness derived from the use of *Hagan's Magnolia Balm*, is simply to state an absolute fact, which might be promptly verified by direct testimony if ladies were as willing to tell their ages as to use the best means of making themselves lovely. Nature sometimes, but very rarely, crowns the charm of perfect features with a complexion of exquisite clearness; but even then time soon begins to make inroads upon the velvet check, the fair white brow, the ivory bust, the unblemished, even after the meridian of life has rounded arm. To preserve the "glory of woman" been passed, it is only necessary to use daily, this cooling, healthful vegetable preparation.


**There** will be an "ice cream and strawberry festival" held in the M. E. Church, Tuesday, June 10th.


**The Brutality of the Bar.**—Once upon a time, not many years ago, it became the duty of this writer to attend the sessions of a country court, convened for the purpose of trying several criminal cases, among them one for homicide. The chief attraction of the session to nine-tenths of all whom duty or curiosity led to the hall of justice was centered in the murder trial, and during its progress the court room was densely packed with eager spectators.

The accused belonged to the common ranks of life; his associates had all been workingmen; the principal witnesses on both sides were workingmen, the majority of whom had never been in a court room in their lives, save perhaps as the spectators of a moment. They could not justly be called ignorant men, and yet they were by no means learned. They were all fairly intelligent, able to read and write and perfectly at home among those of their own circle, but with a total lack of worldly wisdom; of that shrewdness which comes by continual contact with the rough edges of public life. Among other simple peculiarities they held a steadfast reverence for the truth as they understood it, and an inordinate awe of the law and its expounders. In their eyes, a lawyer was a high and mighty personage, clothed with mysterious attributes and unknown power. They were, in short, inexperienced, timorous in some degree and the sort of men to be brow-beaten by a bully and to be treated with chivalrous respect by an attorney of gentlemanly instincts.

We saw some of those men on the witness stand. They were confused and frightened. On occasions they were made to contradict themselves unwittingly, so cunning framed were questions which were showered upon them. That they were honest men all sides believed. And yet that those who testified against the accused were perjured villains was again and again declared by the defense, while the prosecution was but little behind in lavishing epithets upon such witnesses as appeared for the defense.

Now, we protest against such brutality. We do not believe that it is necessary, expedient or lawful. The fact that a man has been unfortunate enough to witness an infraction of the law is sufficient to put him on the witness stand; but it is not sufficient to call down upon his devoted head the vilest and most vindictive anathemas, of court room orators. To our mind this habit of grossly abusing witnesses is a fatally vicious one, demanding the sternest censure. We would not take away the privilege of denouncing and exposing perjury; neither would we restrain the attorney in using all legitimate methods of testing the veracity of witnesses. But is it not carrying the thing just a little too far when witnesses, after having been subjected to the most rigorous and impertinent cross-examination, are forced to sit quietly by while an ambitious attorney is blackening their characters and aspersing their motives in the most vigorous and vituperative language that he can command?

We know that a man may be a lawyer and a gentleman. There are many such in the Commonwealth; pure men and able attorneys, who carry the courtesy and consideration which ever distinguish the true gentleman into every avenue of public life. And we are not without hope that their influence and example, backed by a strong public opinion, may in course of time banish the blackguard and the bully from the halls of justice, and thus effectually eliminate the brutality of the bar, of which there is now so much well-founded cause for complaint.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*


**Ladies' Suits,** at very low figures at Hibbard's Rochester. Call and examine. 6-4-3w

**The third game** of Base Ball between the printers and picked nine will be played next Saturday, June 7th, for a ball. A good game may be expected.

**A Useful Book.**—We have received and examined the new Housekeeper's Manual, embracing a new revised edition of the American woman's home, or principles of domestic science, being a guide to economical, healthful, beautiful and christian homes, by Catherine E. Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, together with the handy cook-book; a complete condensed guide to wholesome, economical, and delicious cooking, giving nearly 500 choice and well-tested recipes. Master Frank Cooper, of Sharon, this county, is agent for it, and is now canvassing for its sale in the adjoining towns. We cheerfully recommend it to all as being a most useful work. It is seldom that one finds so much information in so small a work and for the price which is within the reach of all.

**Lung Diseases.**—DR. KEYSER:—Your medicines have been getting off slow during the summer, but at increased demand seems to have sprung up in the last few weeks and I am well nigh out of all your preparations. Your Lung Cure, I think, will find ready sale this winter, and if you will put in pamphlet form the article you published in the *Dispatch*, it will prove a blessing to your fellow-men, and fully repay you for all your trouble and expense by a largely-increased demand for your medicines. I hope you will conclude to do it. The good advice contained in that article may save many from untimely graves, and render life happy where it would otherwise prove a burden. W. W. WILLIAMS, Louisville.

The above letter was written in reference to an article published in the *Dispatch* last Winter, all the important part of which is now contained in an essay of thirty-two pages, entitled "CARONIC LUNG DISEASES." Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure is sold at 267 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa: $1.50 per bottle, or four bottles for $5.00. Dr Keyser has private Consulting Rooms in the rear of his Medicine Store. Office hours from nine a. m. until 1 p. m. and from two until six p. m., and on Saturdays at night.

**Bishop Simpson** and other distinguished speakers from abroad will address citizens of Beaver and vicinity together with the students of the College, on the general subject of education, Wednesday evening, June 4th, at a quarter before eight o'clock, in the M. E. Church of this place. No admittance fee will be charged, and no financial effort will be made. This is a rare opportunity for the public to hear one of the most distinguished pulpit orators of the nation. Let the citizens and youth rally on this occasion, and give those gentlemen who will sojourn in our midst for a few days an evidence of our appreciation of education and of literay talent.


HALL OF BEAVER LODGE
No. 266 I. O. O. F.
BEDDOWATER May 20th 1873.

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of Him who rules the destinies of man, our Heavenly Father has seen fit to remove from among us our worthy brother, Past Grand, John V. McDonald, and thus he is forever withdrawn from us. Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we bow in submission to the decrees of the Allwise, but at the same time we deeply feel and deplore the loss of our beloved Brother, who was so suddenly and unexpectedly called from our midst.

*Resolved*, That in his death, the Lodge has lost a worthy member, the community a valuable citizen, and, his family a kind and indulgent Husband and Father.

*Resolved*, That the brethren of this Lodge and the fraternity generally, whereby tender their kindest and sincerest condolence to the bereaved widow, aged mother, and his orphan children, and that we will ever pray to Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's God, to sanctify this afflictive dispensation to their spiritual and eternal good, and to sustain and comfort them in this their time of need.

*Resolved*, That as a token of respect, the Lodge room be draped in mourning, and that the members wear the usual badge of mourning on all public occasions for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be entered on the Journal of the Lodge, an attested copy sent to the widow of the deceased, and one to each of the Beaver papers, with a request that they publish the same.

DAVID WOODBURY,
JESSE HARMAN,
J. P. TODD. } Com.


**Ladies' Suits,** at very low figures at Hibbard's Rochester. Call and examine. 6-4-3w

**A Case of Petrifaction.**—We hear of the following case of petrifaction near Baden, this county: Twelve years ago a river man named Logan, was buried on Mr. Dippold's farm near Baden, in this county. A couple of weeks ago the deceased gentleman's relatives concluded to remove the remains to the cemetery at Freedom, and on removing the earth and opening the coffin they were no little surprised to find that Mr. Logan's body instead of decomposing and returning to dust, had become petrified and assumed all the properties of stone. Rumor also says that when Mr. Logan was buried twelve years ago, his beard was shaved off close to his face. In his petrified state his beard is some six or eight inches long. If this is so the circumstance is singular enough to incite the attention of scientific men. The exhuming of Mr. Logan, his petrified body, and the alleged growth of his beard, has occasioned a vast amount of talk in that neighborhood, and curiosity has been on tip-toe ever since the facts became public.

**A Good** reliable firm, who sell good saliable clothing at a fair reasonable price S. & J. Snellenburg, Broadway New Brighton.

**One** car load Canton City Flour just received and for sale, wholesale and retail, at Speyerer & Son's, Rochester. jel-2w

**An** endless variety of Ladies' and Gents' Silk Neck Ties of the latest fashions, can be found at the Cheap Store of W. A. Smith, Rochester, Pa.

**Holloway's Ointment.**—Neither tetter, ringworm, nor scabious eruptions of any class should be permitted to disfigure the beauty of childhood, when they can be cured without pain or danger with this mild but efficient Ointment. Sold 75 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Price 25 cents per pot. Ask for new style; the old is counterfeited.

**You** can save 20 per ct. Take the train for New Brighton and buy Snellenburg's home made reliable clothing, S. & J. Snellenburg, New Brighton.

**Drs. Oldshue, Pittsburgh, Pa.**—Our readers have for some time been advised through the columns of our paper of the method of the treatment of the Drs. Oldshue.

Their mode of treating diseases, although somewhat peculiar, is based upon physiological and pathological facts; and the true nature and extent of diseases are accurately determined by ocular inspection, chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the urine.

This is no idle theory; but their entire system of practice is based upon fixed principles of science. The marked success of these gentlemen in curing the worst maladies known to the profession is not only convincing evidence of the correctness of their theory, but affords ample proof of their professional skill and ability. Some of the most respectable citizens of this and surrounding counties can testify from personal experience as to the truth of this statement, and we can heartily recommend the Drs. Oldshue. They are not only scientific physicians, but gentlemen of the highest culture and probity.

Their offices are No. 123 Grant street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Just** received at Speyerer & Son's, from the east, a full stock of Dry Goods and Groceries, which have been bought for cash, and will be sold cheap. Please call and examine. jel-2w

**Entertainment.**—The pupils of the Bridgewater Union School will give an entertainment on Tuesday evening, June 3d, consisting of Colloquies, Recitations and Vocal and Instrumental Music. Admission 25 cents, children 15 cents.

**A narrow escape** from death occurred at New Galilee a few days since. As engineer Lafe Whitacre was lying at that point awaiting the mail train then due, he chanced to observe a drover walking along the track, looking after the condition of his cattle on a stock train also awaiting the passing of the mail. Suddenly he was seen to fall forward on his face in a fit. The mail was close at hand—the man on the track—and Mr. Whitacre had barely time to seize him and drag him away as the train rushed by.


**Ladies' Suits,** at very low figures at Hibbard's Rochester. Call and examine. 6-4-3w


**On** Monday last William Marshall, of Little Beaver township, while harrowings newly plowed field on his farm, met with a very serious accident. He was riding on the harrow and the horses took fright and ran off, throwing him from the same and breaking his left leg above the knee. Mr. Marshall is about 67 years old. Dr. Sharlock attended the patient.—*Lawrence Journal.*


**Another** fine lot of Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Ribbons &c., the latest styles just received from the East, at the Cheap Store of W. A. Smith, Rochester, Pa.

**Everybody,** Remember that owing to the lateness of the summer season we have determined to sell our stock of linen and alpaca goods for men and boys, at ten per cent. below the regular rates making at least 25 per cent. least han the same can be bought in Beaver county, all persons should avail themselves of the bargains thus offered and dress themselves in raiment new at a small outlay, at the Clothing Headquarters, S. & J. Snellenburg, Broadway New Brighton.


**List** of uncla imed letters remaining in Beaver Post Office June 1st, 1873: Mr. David Anderson, Miss R. E. O. Cook, Mrs. Sarah Cunningham, W. S. Darling, Mrs. P. A. English, Joseph Gibbs, G. T. Gittman (attorney at law), H. C. Green, esq., Messrs. Joseph Graff & Co., Joseph Hartman, esq., Miss Lottie Hamilton, Jacob H. Jones, E. H. Jones, James Keys, esq., Mr. Alph D. Lowry, Lou. Machesney, S. F. Mowory, esq., Miss Ellen Mathara (Package), George Piersol, John A. Rowan, Mrs. Clariesy Russell, Mrs. Margaret Sanders, George Stahl or Bro. (the Fishermen), Miss Mollie Wakefield, Mrs. Nancy Wilson, Walker & Hillman. M. A. MCGAFFIC, P. M.


**Fine Dry Goods,** Dress Silks, H

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

### THE GRAY SPECTRE.

It was a large Gothic cottage, situated on the banks of an inland river. Nature had endowed the spot with beauty, and art was only invoked to finish it with elegance. Three tiers of green grass descended, like a flight of emerald steps, from the low French windows to the oval garden plots in front. Tiny statutes peeped out from arches of roses, and angels of marble, in flying posture, were scattered here and there among the luxuriant flowers. In the centre of each plot was a fountain, in the form of a mermaid, from which infinitisimal streams of water were sent quivering into the air, and sparkling for an instant under the sunlight, fell into the basin with a silvery splash.

Ah! It was a home fit for a princess, and such was there, in all but title. Lilie Lonsdale, the brightest, happiest, dearest little woman that ever lived, reigned supreme within those walls. Perhaps her brown eyes shown sternly sometimes, and perhaps her red lips were not always formed in a smile; if they had been, the contrast with ours would have been so great that we should have felt inferior and uncomfortable. So you see, it is well that, no one is perfect.

"Pearl! Pearl! Oh, you naughty thing!"

A wild, caroling laugh followed these words, and then Lily came running upon the lawn, closely followed by a lithe, beautiful gray-hound. Sinking upon one of the steps, the maiden pushed the shining masses of brown hair from her shoulders and drew a long breath.

"We've had a splendid run, hav'nt we, Pearl?" she said, with another careless laugh.

The animal placed his fore-paws in her lap, and stretching out his long, velvety head, gave his mistress a canine kiss.

"Oh, you teaze, let me alone! Get down, I say!"

The dog obeyed, and crouched at her feet. Just then a step sounded upon the gravel-path, and the animal, half raising himself, growled menacingly.

"Oh, you silly thing, be still. I wonder who's coming?"

"I, Lily."

A tall, handsome young man leaned over the gate and gazed upon her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes with admiration. The girl grew serious, and said demurely:

"How do you do, cousin Will?"

"*Cousin* Will, he repeated, biting the ends of his long moustache. "Why do you always call me that, Lily?"

"Have you any choice of names?" asked she, saucily.

A slight frown crowded his brow, and he turned partially away. She laughed provokingly, and began caressing the dog again. Minutes passed and William Ashbrook still held his preoccupied attitude. He would not gratify her by letting her know how much she had pained him. When at last he looked round she and Pearl were gone, but he knew where to seek them, and started for the river. When he reached its banks he beheld the little blue and gold skiff dancing on the waters, and Lily's own hands wielding the oars, while Pearl contentedly crouched in the bow. It was a beautiful picture framed in amber sunlight. The young man sighed, and the words left his lips:

"Oh, Lily, if you but dreamed how I love you, you could, would not, be so cold to me, unless indeed your heart is another's."

The thought was painful, and he shut his teeth together to repress the fierce, jealous words that came to his lips. Then he ran along the bank until he was even with the boat.

"Come ashore, you little sprite. Let me row for you," he exclaimed, cheerfully, his dark reflection having passed.

"Pearl will bite you," she answered, laughing.

"Be serious, Lily. I would speak with you. Will you deny me?"

"Oh, you great plague! Now get in, if you want to," and she guided the frail craft toward the bank. He stepped in, and after some argument she resigned the oars to him and took a seat in the stern. He now became strangely silent, and the only sound that greeted their ears was the musical ripple of the silvery waters as the boat bounded on.

"Lily," he said, at length, in a low, earnest tone.

"Cousin Will," she replied, imperturbably.

"I wish you would relinquish that expression," he said, somewhat testily. "It is true that my great grandmother's sister's son's daughter is your mother, but it leaves little relation between you and me. If it is a pleasure to you to imagine any, why just call me your dear great-grandmother's sister's son's daughter's third cousin."

A slight smile played over his face, as he concluded. Lily looked at the earth and sky, and twirled her hat with cool indifference.

"Lily, I love you—not as a cousin, but as one I would marry. You must have known it, you must have felt it."

He drew in his oars, and allowed the boat to float at will, while his eyes sought her face imploringly. She seemed startled and confused at first, but presently the blushes faded away, and she said, with a certain indescribable *naivrette*.

"Love me? marry me? You must be crazy, Cousin Will?"

"Ah! then I'm not worthy of your love, perhaps. Crazy! Thank you."

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"And yet you are at it continually."

"Then I should make you a very poor wife. We'd better go ashore."

"Forgive me, Lily. Say, darling, that you love me. This must not end this way. I shall never forgive myself nor you."

"I don't ask your forgiveness, sir."

"Ah!"

He pulled furiously at his oars, and the boat flew towards the bank. He glanced imploringly upon his companion as he helped her out, but there was no answering look in her eyes. In silence they walked towards the house, and without a word or a glance she entered and left him standing on the lawn.

So this was to be the end of all his hopes. Well, it was partly his fault. His pride had caused him to repeat her words, instead of pressing his proposal. Would she have said yes? Oh, bah! What difference could it make now? His life was spoiled, and no matter how, he must bear it. And, feeling as miserable as a man can be conveniently, he left the grounds.

Lily was in the drawing room, sitting at the piano, at eight o'clock that evening, when Mr. Stockton, a London banker, called. It was a relief to see anybody, for she was not so happy as usual, and she wished to be amused. Horatio Stockton was a great man in his own estimation, and his words and gestures were fashioned after the manner of great men. His smiles always measured just so much, his tones never rose above such a point. They were standing by the window now, he and Lily, gazing out upon the beautiful moonlight.

"How should you like to live in London, my dear Miss Lonsdale?" he asked in his bland way.

"I have heard that it is a very grand place," was the maiden's evasive reply.

"Yes my dear Miss Lonsdale, it is. And pardon me, it needs only one thing more to make it dearer than ever to me—yourself. Be not alarmed, I beg of you. I love you as men of my experience only can love. Will you leave this charming spot and become the star of my home?"

Lily, surprised, flattered and excited, knew not what to do or say.

"Pray listen to me. I am wealthy; all your home luxuries you shall have, and more too. I am not a young man, to become giddy, Lily. I have passed all that. Will you be mine?"

"Yes," she said impulsively, rashly.

At that moment there was a rustling in the bushes near the window, and Lily saw a pale, agonized face gleam upon her with reproach. She started and caught her breath. Mr. Stockton sprang to her aid; but she waved him away and sank into a chair. Presently she recovered, and they conversed on their prospects, he calling her his "dearly beloved," and "beautiful pet," but she felt little interest in him or his words.

At ten o'clock he left the house, and she went to her room, to revel in remorse and to weep bitter tears. Whom had she revenged? Alas!—herself! Leave her beautiful home, her parents and Will, to go to London with one she loved not. A darker picture could hardly be suggested to her mind. In the meantime the banker had met with a very strange adventure. Lily had bade him good-night at the head of the long staircase. Every one else in the house had retired, and a hush pervaded the very air. Slowly Mr. Stockton descended the stairs, thinking intently upon his success. As he reached the landing he looked up and a succession of chills passed over his frame. Before him stood a tall figure, robed in filmy gray, her white face and dark blue eyes bent upon him accusingly. He strove to collect his courage, but it oozed out in drops of cold perspiration, and he reeled against the balaster, clutching it wildly with both hands.

"Go!"

The apparation raised one long, white arm and pointed toward the door. Glad to escape so easily, he staggered towards the door, and, hastily opening it, dashed into the street. Half an hour after he was in his hotel. Having quieted himself with a large glass of brandy, he lighted a cigar and lay back in his chair.

"That face looked remarkably like Alica's," he mused. "And yet it cannot be possible. 'Tis eight years since I saw her—she can have no idea where I am. But what was it? Ugh! I don't like these things. I must marry that little jewel as quick as possible. Ha! What's that?"

He started in affright as a faint knock sounded upon the door, and he hesitated whether to open it. Again came a rap louder than the first, and the man trembingly arose. If she should be alive. But no—the idea was absurd. A succession of knocks now echoed on the panel, and lest the whole corridor should be aroused he quickly opened the door. A gray figure swept past him and glided to a remote corner of the room.

"Who are you? Who do you want?" he excitedly whispered.

"Silence! Shut that door!" was the imperious reply.

He obeyed, and advanced to the centre of the room. 'Twas the apparition that he had seen at the Lonsdale mansion. The figure advanced and threw off the gauzy robe, exposing a finely formed woman of middle age attired in drab.

"Alica," he gasped, turning deadly pale.

"Aye, villain, your deserted wife! The woman you abused and maltreated. Oh, perjurer, do you ever think of your vows at the altar?"

"I supposed you dead," he faltered, pressing his hands against his shaking knees.

"'Tis false! You thought to escape, but earth could not have hidden you from me. Oh, how my nature revolts against itself when I think that I ever loved you, you bringing apology for a man. Sit down and write. Obey quickly. Tell that young and trusting girl what you are and in what relation I stand to you. You shall ruin no more homes."

He compiled, but with rage and mortification. The note written, the woman took it, not daring to trust him to deliver it. Then she told him calmly that he should support her in a style commensurate with his wealth, but that she should only be his wife in public, and in private his master. Thus ended Mr. Horatio Stockton's dream of a new wife.

Poor Lily! She awoke the next morning with a shudder as she thought of the fate she had forced upon herself. But relief came during the forenoon, and as she read Mr. Stockton's note a horror settled upon her heart, and then she felt a disgust with herself that was almost unendurable. If Will only would come, it seemed as if her burden would be made lighter. But the day, month, and year passed, and no one heard aught of William Ashbrook. At first, Lily grieved all the day long, and Pearl was not thought of; but time, with its healing hand, smoothed the first keen anguish down to an occasional sadness. But Lily would not marry, though she had many excellent offers.

'Twas summer again, and Lily and Pearl were down by the river side, the girl sitting on a camp-stool, and the hound stretched out at her feet. Gradually old memories rushed in upon her mind, and tears came into her eyes. As if in sympathy, the intelligent dog arose and lapped his mistress' white hands.

"Pretty Pearl," she said, stroking his soft fur. "Poor Pearl, wouldn't you like to know where Willie is?"

He howled plaintively, and rubbed his head against her knee.

"I was cross to Willie, wasn't I Pearl?" she continued, the tears still falling. "I drove him away with my cold words, and perhaps he'll never come back, Pearl; and if he don't, why, I shall die—I know I shall?"

And she pressed her hands to her face and wept passionately. At that instant a pair of strong arms lifted up bodily, and warm kisses fell upon her cheeks, lips and brow, while the earnest words saluted her ears.

"My sweet! my beautiful! my own!"

Removing herself from his embrace, she droped her eyes, and ran away blushing.

"Don't you love me, Lilly?" he urged," chasing her, and again throwing his arms around her. She looked up shyly, half smiling through her tears, and nodded.

"And you loved me a year ago today, did'nt you, darling?" Another nod, and a quiver of the red lips. "And you'll always love me, and we'll be very happy, won't we Lily?"

"Yes, dear Willie," and she nestled her head upon his shoulder, and looked upon him with devotion in her brown eyes.

One month later they were married, and time has proved the depth of their affection. William knows nothing of the termination of Mr. Stockton's wooing, Lily feeling ashamed of herself whenever a thought of the incident crosses her mind.

### DIVORCED.

"He'll go to the dogs now."

"Of course he will."

"By all means. Only see how he acted when his wife lived with him! Now that she has left him, and all restraint is removed, he'll go the rest of the downward way in no time."

"I'll give him just one year to be buried."

"Pshaw! Half that time will finish him."

"Well, I pity him, too, but I pity her more. He brought the misery on both."

Such was the talk of half a dozen villagers, who stood in front of one of the principal stores one summer evening, while the subject of their remarks went staggering along on the opposite side.

It was evident that he was trying to walk straight, but such endeavors always seem to make a drunken man walk more crooked. However, it proved he was not lost to all sense of shame, and still retained an aversion to being ridiculed and despised.

But Harry Rodgers had carried on at a fearful rate for a year or two past. He had just one vice—drink; but that was enough. He had married a worthy farmer's daughter—Nettie Ray—only a few years previous, but such had been his conduct during more than a year past that she had been obliged to cut him loose to pursue his profligate course alone, and a legal separation had just been effected.

Harry's home was on a little farm a mile from town. He owned it, but then it was heavily mortgaged, and in another year foreclosure was certain. It was not likely his creditors would spare him when he made no effort to meet his obligations.

A week passed after that summer evening on which all had agreed on predicting his early ruin—two weeks—a month or two. What mystery is here? To the utter bewilderment of the prophesying sages, Harry discontinued visiting the taverns, and was rarely seen in the village. When he did come to the store he speedily transacted his business and then went home—sober.

Wonders never cease when they get a start. He was next reported as actually at work on his farm. Had but one man told this in the village, he would have been marked as lacking veracity; but as several indies vouched for the fact, it was worthy of credence.

The little farm began to look healthier as the summer wore on. The fences straightened up, the weeds disappeared, the animals looked fatter and happier, and the little cottage looked neater.

Time wore on, and the great change was more remarkable every day. Harry's charitable creditors called and told him he might have his own time to pay off the mortgage.

The fall came; and the farm yielded an abundance of crops, and Harry found himself beginning to drift along with the tide of properity.

And Nettie had begun to live her young girlhood over again, as it were under her father's roof; but somehow it was not like the happy, joyous girlhood of memory. It was sober and quiet now, and she fell into the train of musing; and every now and then there passed through her mind a certain thought—she was neither maid nor wife.

She avoided the vicinity of her late home, nor had she once seen Harry since the separation; but she had heard of him occasionally—knew that he was a changed man. Still this knowledge brought but a melancholy satisfaction. The reform had come too late. There was a wide gulf between them now.

But, one evening in the golden October. Nettie felt herself obliged to pass Harry's farm. It lay between her father's house and the village. On the evening in question, however, she had been detained in the village until it was nearly dark, and she determined to hazard the nearest road home. It would be fully dark when she would pass his house, and the chances were that he would not see her. She wouldn't have him see her for the world.

When she arrived opposite the house she perceived a light in the sitting room. Her first impulse was to hurry by; but some powerful impulse prompted her to stop. She did so, and stood timidly at the further side of the road, gazing longingly at the house that had once been the home to her—first of happiness, then of misery. By and by she felt an irresistible yearning to look at the interior once more. He was evidently within, and there was no danger that he would see her. So she walked hurriedly across the road, opened the gate, and softly stepped into the lawn. Another minute and she was at the window, looking in. What singular behavior. But she could not help it.

The little room was as neat as when she herself had watched over it. A cheerful fire was burning in ths grate, although the night was not cold, and a lighted lamp stood on the table. It was there that Harry was sitting. How her heart bounded as she caught sight of him. He held in his hand a book from his scanty library.

She recognized it at once; but he was not reading now. Was he asleep—or was he buried in a sad reverie? Nettie thought the latter was the case, and her heart was touched.

"I wish I had borne with him," she said. But a moment later her heart was touched, when she saw a tear roll down his cheek and drop upon the book. The lonely man was not asleep—he was crying.

She could not help it. All the women in her heart was aroused, and she was at the door in a moment. No ceremony—she burst into the sitting room, and was at his side.

"Oh, Harry!"

Her voice quivered with emotion.

"Why, Nettie!" he exclaimed, trying to nide his tears—men are ashamed of them—"is it you?"

"Yes, Harry, I was passing—I looked in—I saw you sitting here so lonely, and couldn't help coming in. I thought of the time we were happy here, and——"

Then her womanly tears could be repressed no longer. There was no use of trying to hide them. Besides, her voice broke down, and she could say no more just then.

He rose and took her hands from her face, and held them in his own. "I thought you had blotted me out from your memory."

"No, no, Harry," she sobbed, "I could not do that. I could not help leaving you; but I left you loving you more than ever. Oh, I have been unhappy."

"Nettie, you have heard that I—"

"Yes, I have heard that you have changed—that you do not drink any more—that again you are manly and industrious as you used to be; but how lonely you must be here!" and the tears gushed forth anew as her heart felt what her lips spoke.

"Yes, I am lonely, Nettie—more than you may think; but I have deserved this punishment for the way I acted. I had no discouragements—I had nothing to make me do so. It was only a passion for drink that seemed impossible for me to overcome. You were all a wife could be. When you left me I thought I should become worse than ever. Only a day or two after you left me I was in town drunk, and I heard some village people—they thought I could not hear them across the street—passing all sorts of remarks about me, saying I was a doomed man, and that destuction was near. Although intoxicated, it startled me, and for the first time I felt the full force of separation, and realized that destruction stared me in the face. I had a bottle of whisky in my pocket at the time; when out of town I smashed it, and washed my face in a stream by the roadside, and resolved never to touch liquor again. It was hard to keep my resolve for the first week or two, but I stood it, and soon my taste for drink disappeared. I care nothing for it now, and would not touch it if it run in streams. Now, Nettie, if you love me as ever, and God knows I love you the same let us get married over again, and the bitter experience of the last few years will only enhance our happiness, Nettie, dear, what do you say?"

She could not answer; she was crying as if her heart would break, and her head was pillowed upon his breast. It was a more eloquent "yes" than the tongue could speak.

The moon was rising as he walked home with Nettie to her father's

So Harry Rogers and Nettie Ray were married again, and there is no divorce that can part them now.

### A WILD GIRL IN GREENE CO., PA.

#### Eighteen Years in the Woods.

We are indebted to John Messenger, esq., of Windridge, Green county, Pa., for the following account of a young woman, who for eighteen years has been running wild in the woods in his neighborhood. We know Mr. Messenger to be a truthful and reliable man and every word of his statement can be depended on. In fact he so enters into particulars and gives names and dates, that it is impossible to disbelieve his statement, extraordinary as it is. He writes:

A man living near Windridge, Greene county, Pa., had born to him five children four girls and one boy. His name is Daniel Lewis. When quite young the boy and second daughter, named Lucinda Lewis, developed quite a fondness for hunting, and were out nearly all the time, roaming the woods in search of game. They seemed to delight in nothing so much as the life of a hunter, and would be gone from home for weeks at a time. After some four or five years, the boy quit it and entered on the more industrious pursuits of life, but the girl continued in the chase. Drawing herself more and more from human intercourse and restraint, she has become a wild woman, fleeing from the approach of her kind with the speed of a deer.

During the early years of her solitary life she used to approach her father's house and entice the dogs to follow her, learning almost any breed of dogs to become good hunters. In the hope of bringing her back to her home and to civilization, her brother followed her and shot the dog she had taken away, using every inducement to get her to go back with him. But all in vain.

For eighteen years, since she was twelve years of age, she has lived this wild life. She is now thirty years old, and is as wild as the most untamed denizen of the forest.

Mr. Messenger saw her at one time while out hunting, met her in the woods. Her long black hair, covering her face and eyes, was matted with burs and leaves, and her black flashing eyes made her a startling picture. She remained perfectly still until he got within twenty feet of her when she turned and fled with the swiftness no man could hope to rival.

A few days since she was seen again and then had in her hand three pheasants and four rabbits, but although these encumbered her, she eluded every attempt to capture her. She has been so long in the woods that she has become perfectly wild. Her dress is made of the skins of wild animals and a blanket that she has taken somewhere during some of her nocturnal predatory tours.

The case is a most extraordinary one. That a girl twelve years old could thus give up the endearments of home, the pleasures of human intercourse and the delights of civilized life, and for eighteen years live like a wild animal as Lucinda Lewis has done seems to us something beyond possibility, and nothing but our having the fullest confidence in our informant, would induce us to ask the public to believe such a thing possible.—*Wheeling Register.*


## New Advertisements.

A. HANAUER

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**Administrator's Notice.**

*Estate of Jackson Spriggs, deceased.*

Letters of administration on the estate of Jackson Spriggs, deceased, late of the borough of Beaver, Beaver county, Pa., having been granted to Mary Spriggs, residing in the borough of Beaver, and A. R. Spriggs residing in Charles City, Iowa, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

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